

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

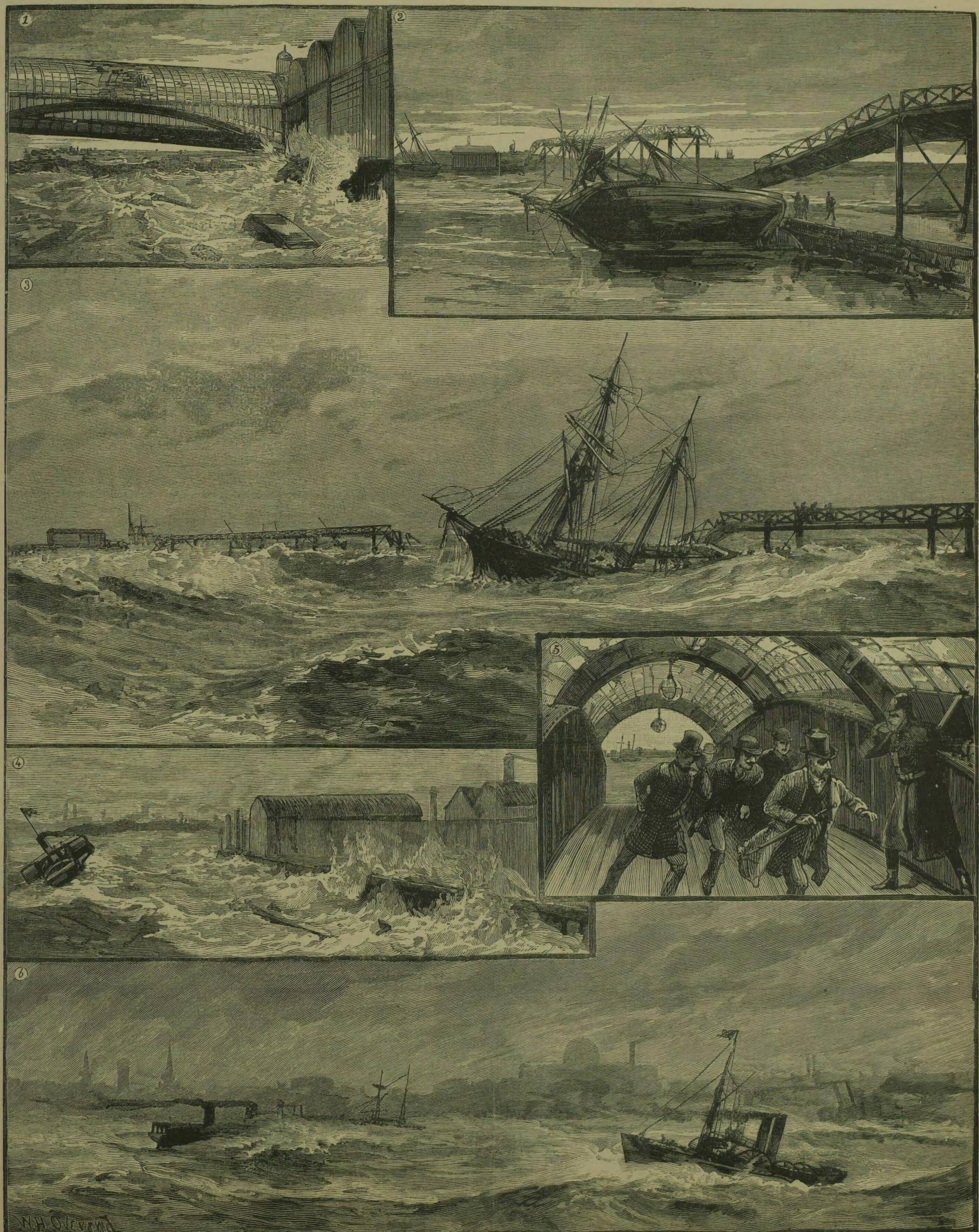


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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

WITH SUPPLEMENT AND SIXPENCE.
TWO TINTED PICTURES } BY POST, 6*d*.



1. At Birkenhead Landing-stage.

2. Tranmere Pier and Wreck, at low water.

3. Tranmere Pier, broken through by a drifting vessel.

4. Waves dashing over Dock Wall at Birkenhead.

5. Stampede of Passengers from Woodside Ferry.

6. View of the Mersey and Liverpool during the storm.

EFFECTS OF THE STORM IN THE MERSEY ON TUESDAY, NOV. 1.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

A visit to Messrs. Tooth's Galleries (Nos. 5 and 6, Haymarket) inevitably suggests the question, "Who are the newcomers this year?" It is chiefly in Continental exhibitions and studios that Messrs. Tooth find their harvest; and, however little we may sympathise with the aims or methods of the Roman and Munich schools, we must recognise the care with which the managers of this gallery endeavour to bring together truly representative works. The list of the artists who now almost for the first time appeal to the English public are Gaißer, Schreiber, Prieto, Peske, and, if we mistake not, Francisque Noailly—from whom we may learn something of the state of art and taste north and south of the Alps. The most important picture, however, of the collection, so far as size is concerned, is Signor Barbudo's "Court Matinée" (91), a brilliant array of richly-dressed ladies and gay uniforms assembled in what may be either a conservatory or drawing-room, arranged to hear the performances of the court musicians, ladies in unimpeachable dresses and of dignified beauty. The central figure of the audience is the Grand Duke, or whoever else he may be, who, half enveloped in fur, listens abstractedly to the music and watches wearily the gay scene around him. Of painting in this elaborate work there is, perhaps, more than enough; one would indeed have gladly spared some of the proofs of the painter's skill to have learnt something of his feelings. Apart from the Grand Duke's figure, which is feebly forcible, there is no character in the work, which, we hasten to add, is really a favourable specimen of modern Roman art. The glare of colour, with its kaleidoscope varieties, which distinguishes this school of painting, recurs in a less degree in Mr. V. March's "Daughter of the Regiment" (125), where mediæval costumes have replaced modern military ones. Signor Rafaële Sorbi does not improve with time; neither his clever sketch of youths and men playing leap-frog, entitled "On the Banks of the Arno" (124), nor the card-playing scene on the terrace of a country "ristoratore" called "A Poser" (111), sustain the reputation acquired by his earlier works. His figures are for the most part flat and unreal, and the total absence of atmosphere with which he surrounds them has become a somewhat too monotonous trick to attract attention. M. E. De Blaas, on the other hand, is very strongly represented by his Venetian scenes, "Confidants" (127), "The Fruit-seller" (9), "Mia Bella! Mia Cara!! Mia Sposa!!!" (109), three types of female beauty; and by his two single figures. But in all these it seems strange that there should be so distinctly traceable identity, not only of thought but of execution, with the works of our last-elected Academician, Mr. Luke Fildes. Unless M. De Blaas is content to play the part of "follower" to an English artist, he must hunt for fresh inspirations on the Venice canals and market-places. Señor Jimenez Prieto, whom we take to be a Spaniard who has studied in the Paris school after the fashion of Fortuny, combined with a study of Meissonier, sends two very clever studies, "A Quartette" (33) and "Bookworms" (38); but in mere brushwork they are surpassed by Herr Schreiber's studies of old priests, "The Cello" (150) and "The Zither" (151). M. Gaißer's "Plan of Campaign" (147) is of far greater merit and importance. It represents a group of old Dutchmen in council of war, and its careful colouring and execution display a very careful study of his Dutch masters. Amongst the other foreigners who are well represented may be mentioned M. Francisque Noailly's Algerian scene, "A Halt" (10), Herr Ernst's "Brass Workers" (48), R. Senèt's "Landing Place" (99), and H. Peske's "Old Fool" (65), a girl trying to convince her grandfather of the miseries of school. Possibly the artist's purpose may have been something deeper, but that seems to be its superficial meaning. Of our English artists Mr. Logsdail is most strongly represented; and we learn from his work that he has now travelled as far east as Egypt. The "Arch of the Chalif" (25), the "Street in Cairo" (53), and the "Doorway of a Mosque" (62) show that he has carried with him that appreciation of life and colour which characterised his Antwerp and Venice studies. His work is as ever careful and refined, and in some respects shows the influence of that most distinguished translator of Egyptian life, the late Mr. C. J. Lewis, R.A. Mr. Burton has a capital study of animal and child life, "Friend or Foe" (142), though it is a trifle "spacey." It represents a child on her knees, flanked on either side by a fox-terrier puppy and a kitten, all busily watching a frog and a wasp who have invaded the room. Like most of Mr. Barber's works it appeals somewhat too broadly to the "popular taste," but the idea is carefully worked out, and will doubtless be even more successful as an engraving than as a picture. Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Hot Day at Dordrecht" (23) is a clever bit of realistic work, and in contrast with his "Summer Skies" (26); taken together the two works show the increasing range of the clever artist's powers. There are also several works by Mr. R. W. Leader, which will not add to his reputation; two by Mr. D. Farquharson, as well as specimens of Messrs. Trood, Binks, Seymour Lucas, G. B. O'Neill, Peter Graham, and others, all of which add to the interest of the present exhibition.

The winter display of pictures this year at Mr. McLean's Gallery (No. 7, Haymarket) will be found in many respects more attractive than many of its predecessors. Not only is Sir John Millais represented by two important works, but Mlle. Ross Bonheur, who for so long has been absent from all picture exhibitions, contributes the head of a lioness—"The Queen of the Forest" (33), which for truthful rendering and powerful treatment has been seldom surpassed by this artist in her earlier days. The present work was finished in 1883; but it was commenced at a still more remote date, entailing far more labour and study than the artist at first anticipated. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to say that Mlle. Ross Bonheur, like the typical or mythical professor of zoology, has studied her lioness at the Jardin des Plantes. The strongly-marked cat-like expression of the eye, which asserts itself in so many of the lion family after some years of captivity, is plainly discernible, and the well-kept fur and hair bear evidence of an easy life. In spite, or perhaps by reason, of these unavoidable testimonies of "The Queen of the Forest" having sat for her portrait, the artist has achieved a remarkable and even a noble work. The two imaginative studies by Sir John Millais, "Il Penseroso" (30) and "L'Allegro" (32), are worthy companions. The former depicts a staid, somewhat saddened girl dressed in black, a white muslin kerchief crossing over her bosom—"the stole of Cyprus lawn over her decent shoulders drawn." The colouring is subdued, but in no sense cold; whilst the modelling of the figure is, perhaps, more careful and complete than ever. In the companion picture, which seems to us in every way inferior, we have a dashing lady, in almost masquerade costume, going out for a morning walk. As a study of colour it is, doubtless, reasonable and scientific; but although Sir John Millais can throw charm even into *vert de pomme* hat trimmed with pink ribbon, there is little in the face of this fashionable beauty with white hair (for it is not powdered at all) which embodies for us the idea of Milton's nymph, "So buxom, blithe, and debonair!" Another

picture, which, from its framing at least, challenges attention, is that of one of the ever-increasing swarm of clever Slav painters. Herr Czachowski has probably studied in Vienna as well as Munich, and we are, therefore, not surprised by the vividness of his colouring or the directness of his aims. His "In Strict Confidence" (21) is a familiar subject, one girl reading a letter to another; the theme is slender, but its treatment is the reverse: the white satin dress, the worked table-cloth, the ornaments of the room are all over-accentuated; and whilst we admit the artist's skilfulness, we deplore his want of taste and sense of proportion. M. Gaißer's "Navigators" (18) is in a sense a replica of his council of war exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery; but it is in most respects a more carefully finished and better composed work. Herr Max Todt's "Rivals" (3), two girls on a settle in front of a man who is calmly smoking with his back to the fire, is a clever revival of the best period of Dutch art. Herr Wilda's colouring shows to advantage in his Eastern street-scenes, the "Snake-Charmer" (6) and the "Water-Carrier" (56), and he bids fair to take a high rank in that school of which Müller is professor-in-chief. It is a pity, however, that Herr Neubert should so closely imitate Heffner's style, and select subjects already dealt with by that artist; and, in like manner, Van Haanen might be open to the charge of following in the footsteps of Fildes or De Blaas; and, unfortunately, it seems from a specimen here exhibited (39) that Signor Laurenti is disposed to play the part of humble imitator of the revivalist of the Modern School of Venice. At any rate, it is better in all respects that such works as Signor Ricci's spick and span warrior "Home from the War" (38)—who seems rather to have just arrived from the milliner or the costumier. Miss Clara Montalba is represented by a familiar study of "The Old Tower, Amsterdam" (46); and Mr. Edward Warren by the only important landscape in the exhibition, "Near Lymington" (44). Mr. Burton Barber's "Rival Attractions" (42) shows, unfortunately, only a progress towards self-repetition, which is the rock on which his clever delineations of child and dog life run the danger of wrecking his reputation. He should take example by Mr. Luke Fildes, whose "English Maiden" (63), in her white muslin frock bound with a broad black sash, is as charming and fresh bit of work as one could wish to see.

At the Hanover Gallery (No. 47, New Bond-street) Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have arranged a fairly representative exhibition of French art. By not placing any special limit upon the date of the works, they are able to add those of deceased artists like Corot, Paul Delaroche, Isabey, Daubigny, and others to their list of exhibitors. Amongst the works of still living artists is Meissonier's "Polichinelle" (45), a treatment in water colours of this favourite subject with the painter. Polichinelle on this occasion wears a benevolent look as he stands beside the half-opened door, holding aloft a pink rose. "The Departure" (7), by M. Berne-Bellecour, is a clever arrangement of soldiers; M. G. Rochegrosse, one of the rising stars in the Paris art firmament, sends an Eastern study, "At the Door of King Aschour" (69); and François Flameng by a brilliant work, "Playing at Bowls" (132). There are also good specimens of Roybet (19), M. Ralli (43), Musin (61), Benjamin Constant (98), Du Paty (119), and others, together with a series of clever Venetian sketches by A. Brandeis.

The Nineteenth Century Art Society pursues its honourable mission of bringing under notice artists whose works obtain scant hospitality elsewhere. Picture-fanciers who can lay claim to prescience, and can detect the germs of genius, may here find much on which to exercise their skill. There are, of course, some artists among those who exhibit here who have earned a place elsewhere—as, for instance, Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Arthur Dodd, Mr. William Lomas, Mr. Vincent Yglesias, Mr. William Padgett, and others. Of these it is unnecessary to say more than that they are fairly represented in the present exhibition. Of the less known, one may mention Mr. Holder's "Quiet Nook on the Derwent" (85), Mr. Robert Morley's "Roses" (95), Mr. Edgar Wills' "Building the Haystack" (78)—although the hay, from its colour, seems scarcely ready for carrying. Among the water colours, Miss R. Macaulay's "His Daily Toil" (232), Mr. G. Gardner's "Bough of Plums" (264), and Mr. Barraud's "Tournai Cathedral" (318) are among the most successful.

The French Gallery (Pall-mall East) will not open this year for a winter's exhibition, Mr. Wallis thinking, with great justice, that the British public may have too much of foreign contemporary art. Mr. Wallis was almost, if not quite, the first to give hospitality to Continental artists, and the French and Flemish Gallery long enjoyed an undisputed monopoly. By its means a long string of foreign artists were brought to the notice of English buyers, to the advantage of both, whilst the picture-loving public were made familiar with what was going on in the art-centres of Paris, Brussels, Munich, Vienna, and the Hague.

Signor Campotosto, whose Jubilee picture was described in these columns a few months ago, has opened, at his studio in Kensington Gardens-square, an academy of painting, in which the standard of thorough draughtsmanship for which the Belgian Art Schools are famous, will be aimed at. Mlle. Henriette Campotosto—whose skill as an artist is attested by her numerous successful works exhibited at Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent—will undertake the supervision of the ladies' classes, although the chief direction will remain in Signor Campotosto's hands.

Herr Karl Heffner, the landscape painter, has had conferred upon him by the Prince Regent of Bavaria the title of Court Professor of Painting, a rare and much coveted distinction.

M. Meissonier has just finished two important pictures, one of which is a water-colour, which will be exhibited in England before they are shown in France. The subjects in each case are taken from the wars of the First Empire, and will continue the illustration of the Napoleonic cycle, of which the well-known pictures "1814; or, the Retreat from the Frontier," and "1805; or, Friedland," are the most distinctive and the most popular. M. Meissonier's attack of illness has been exaggerated; and there is no reason to anticipate that a prolonged abstention of work will be entailed by his present disablement, which consists in a stiffening of the thumb-joints, due to purely temporary causes.

Pressure on our space obliges us to hold over until next week notices of the exhibitions of the Painter-Etchers (No. 160, New Bond-street), Mr. Ernest George's sketches (Fine-Art Society), the Dudley Gallery, the Continental Gallery (No. 157, New Bond-street), and the Sporting and Coaching Exhibition at the Burlington Gallery (No. 27, Old Bond-street).

At a general meeting of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, on Monday evening, Mr. W. T. Blackmore was elected secretary.

The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Sheriffs and other officials, went to Kilburn last Saturday, and there opened to the public an open space of thirty acres recently laid out by the Corporation, which, as a memorial of the Jubilee year, her Majesty has permitted to be named the "Queen's Park."

MUSIC.

The opening of the seventeenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—conducted by Mr. Barnby—took place on Nov. 3, as already briefly recorded. The performance calls for but slight notice, having consisted of Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend," which has been many times given and commented on since its first production at last year's Leeds Festival, the success then obtained having been paralleled by the after-reception of the work in various other localities. It had, indeed, been heard at the Royal Albert Hall previous to the performance of last week, when one of the solo vocalists (Mr. E. Lloyd) was the same as then and at Leeds, and on many other occasions. The music of Elsie was brightly rendered by Madame Nordica, as at last month's performance at the Crystal Palace. Madame B. Cole sang the music of Ursula at the Royal Albert Hall last week, the fine voice of the American contralto having proved very effective, notwithstanding the singer's occasional nervousness. With the co-operation of Mr. Henschel as Lucifer it need scarcely be said that the solo music was, on the whole, satisfactorily sung; the orchestral and choral details having been impressively realised. Mr. Barnby conducted as usual. During the evening, an orchestral arrangement of Chopin's Funeral March was played in memory of the late Sir G. A. Macfarren and Madame Lind-Goldschmidt.

At the concert of the Royal College of Music held last week, Sir George Grove, the director, alluded in feeling terms to the death of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, who had been connected with the college since its origin, in association with the vocal training of female students. The quartet "God is a Spirit" (from Sir Sterndale Bennett's cantata "The Woman of Samaria") was introduced into the programme, as was Handel's air "I know that my Redeemer liveth," sung by Miss Julie Albu, a pupil of Madame Goldschmidt. The next concert of the college students (announced for last Thursday evening) was to consist of chamber music composed by the late Sir G. A. Macfarren.

The Monday Popular Concerts have reached the third evening performance of the thirtieth series, and the second of the Saturday afternoon performances, at each of which Mlle. Janotta has appeared as solo pianist. Signor Piatti resumed his accustomed post as violincellist at the second evening concert, and continues to act in that capacity in concerted pieces and as soloist on his instrument. The vocalist last Saturday afternoon was Miss Thudichum, and on the following Monday evening Mr. Thorndike. Signor Romili was the accompanist on Saturday, and Mr. Frantzius on Monday.

The fifth Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of the new series took place on Nov. 5, when a new overture by Hamish MacCunn (a young Scottish composer) was produced. It is entitled "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," and contains much clever and effective writing, in the genial rather than the ultra-romantic style so much affected in these days. M. César Thomson, a Belgian violinist, was favourably received in his execution of Beethoven's concerto, and Mrs. B. Cole was the vocalist. The Dead March in "Saul" was played in tribute to the memory of Sir G. A. Macfarren and Madame Lind-Goldschmidt.

Novello's oratorio concerts at St. James's Hall were to open their new season last Thursday evening with performances of Mr. Mackenzie's "Jubilee Ode" and Dvorák's cantata "The Spectre's Bride."

This (Saturday) evening Her Majesty's Theatre is to be re-opened for a new series of promenade concerts, with Mr. Van Biene as conductor. At the same time the Royal Society of Musicians will give a performance of "Elijah" at St. James's Hall.

The London Symphony Concerts—conducted by Mr. Henschel—will enter on their second season at St. James's Hall next Tuesday evening.

The office of conductor of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, having been resigned by Sir Arthur Sullivan, has been offered to, and accepted by, Mr. F. H. Cowen.

Madame Julia Gaylord—hitherto eminent as a prima donna in the Carl Rosa Opera Company—is about to change the operatic for the dramatic career. She will probably be a gain to the stage in the latter respect. Early next year Madame Gaylord will commence a tour of the United Kingdom, appearing in two plays written expressly for her, in association with a strong company, under the experienced management of Mr. J. D. McLaren, favourably known as acting-manager in Signor Lago's last season of the Royal Italian Opera.

Mr. Charles Mangold—an esteemed pianist, and professor at the Guildhall School of Music—died recently. He was a worthy pupil of Hummel. His daughter Alice (now Madame Diehl) was a pupil of Adolph Henselt, and gained great distinction here as a refined and graceful interpreter of her master's exquisite pianoforte music, and that of Chopin. Madame Diehl has recently devoted herself to tuition, varied by literary labours.

The funeral of Sir G. A. Macfarren took place at Hampstead Cemetery last Saturday, and was followed by a commemoration service in Westminster Abbey on the same afternoon. Deputations from the Royal Academy of Music (of which he was Principal), from the Royal Society of Musicians, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Royal College of Music, the Guildhall School of Music, the Philharmonic Society, and other institutions, attended on the occasion. The music performed at the Abbey service was chiefly selected from the works of the deceased composer. The Dean read the prayers, and delivered a brief but impressive address, in which he bore eloquent testimony to the merits of the departed musician, and incidentally referred to the other recent loss sustained in the death of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt. Her obsequies took place on the same day, at Great Malvern, and included an impressive choral service in the Priory Church. There was a large attendance of mourners.

The Earl of Meath will take the chair at the ninth festival dinner of the East London Hospital for Children, to be held at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday, the 24th inst.

A change in the programme of the German Reed Entertainment took place on Wednesday, when a new musical piece, entitled "Tally Ho," by Messrs. Malcolm Watson and Caldicott, was produced, too late for notice in this week's issue.

A sermon was preached in St. Matthew's, Bayswater, on Sunday evening, in aid of the funds of the Brompton Hospital, by the Rev. Dr. Concannon, Vicar of St. Paul's, Brixton. At the close of his discourse, illustrating and forcibly applying the lessons drawn from the text, the reverend preacher made a powerful appeal on behalf of the Consumption Hospital, which had done a vast amount of good, and was now working in a far wider field of usefulness than ever. At this season several of the regular seatholders are absent in the country, which doubtless exercised an unfavourable influence on the collection, which amounted to over £17.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones evidently understands a Vaudeville audience. Like his predecessor, Mr. Byron, he gives them pathos, and he gives them fun. His story is so simple and uninvoluted that it is clear to the meanest capacity for unriddling a mystery; and his fun is direct and forcible enough for the good-hearted people who have roared over the eccentricities of old Middlewick, the retired buttermen. Although it is impossible to go so far as a certain eminent critic does, that the end justifies the means, and that an author is to be complimented on his shrewdness in placing inartistic work before a comparatively uncritical audience, still "Heart of Hearts" is a clever and sensible play as modern plays go, and we are at least relieved from the modern device of degrading hero and heroine out of some supposed compliment to distorted human nature. The new play is unquestionably divided into two broad sections, one sentimental and the other comic. At times they do not harmonise, and those who listen are conscious of friction; but when all is said and done there are plenty of tears over the distress of Miss Kate Rorke—a sweet, innocent girl, who, coming amongst heartless strangers, is accused of theft under very suspicious circumstances; and there are peals of laughter also induced by Mr. Thomas Thorne, a phlegmatic and imperturbable butler, who has on the sly married a silly gushing old maid, who happens to be a near relative of his haughty mistress. The story is simplicity itself. A bracelet is stolen by a returned convict. Struck by remorse he returns to the mansion to return the property to his young daughter, from whom he has been separated for years. The girl, who has before indignantly denied any complicity in the theft, is caught with the property upon her, and she bravely bears the unjust suspicion in order to shield her father and save him from an ignominious career. A tale such as this may be old, but it is ever new; and when we get a heroine so sympathetic, so earnest, and so unaffectedly innocent as Miss Kate Rorke, what wonder that she causes infinite delight, and increases her wide circle of admirers. But charming as this young lady is, she may be cautioned against a trick in expressing her emotion which may grow into a serious fault. There is an evident effort in the expression of her emotion. In her endeavour to simulate nervous hysteria she becomes mechanical, and, to put it bluntly, "pumps out her words." A very few lessons in the management and control of the voice would soon correct this. The art is to conceal the art, and this important fact is sometimes forgotten by those who consider that every effort to be intense must result in power. It is not so. Amongst the other serious characters Mr. Leonard Boyne is delightfully easy and always grateful to his audience as a manly and well-bred young hero, who, though he has a very little to do, does it remarkably well; and there are remarkably clever points of observation as well as of execution in the Lady Clarissa of Miss Rose Leclercq, who looks the part to perfection. But this lady also requires instant lessons in voice production, unless, indeed, the habitual falsetto has become chronic. Looking on the other side of the picture—the comic one—there can be no question as to the success of Mr. Thomas Thorne as the persistent butler, and Miss Sophie Larkin as the distressed spinster, who desires to suppress her unfortunate matrimonial escapade. These scenes are as genuine comedy as those between Graves and Lady Franklin. The Robins of Mr. Thorne is, however, quite a creation—a good-hearted, quiet, gravely-comic, but most humorously-persistent creature. He has the tenderest heart in the world, but Robins is no fool or sycophant. When the time comes for him to give the dreaded Lady Clarissa a bit of his mind he does it with great dignity and deliberation. When his flighty spouse is threatening to kick over the traces he pulls her up and checks her eccentric vagaries. Viewed in an artistic sense, this is just the most artistic thing Mr. Thorne has ever done, even more artistic and finished than his Caleb Deecie in "Two Roses." He has made a complete and careful study of the old man, and he has made him as he ought to be—"quite a character." And, next to Mrs. John Wood, Miss Sophie Larkin holds her own as quite the most comic actress on the stage. Fun is natural to her. It comes without an effort. A very small part is played quite to perfection by Miss Gertrude Warden. Unquestionably there is a brilliant career awaiting "Heart of Hearts," and both Mr. Jones and Mr. Thorne are to be congratulated.

At the Globe "The Arabian Nights" promises to be a success almost as great as "The Private Secretary." What was Mr. Wyndham about when he hesitated to produce Sydney Grundy's well-written and amusing play? Scores of times, no doubt, our elastic comedian has pretended to be an innocent husband, cursed with a mother-in-law, blest with a weeping wife, and driven into a mire of mendacity. Over and over again the acknowledged hero of Criterion farce has gone out for a stroll in the London streets during his wife's absence, paid some innocent attention to a questionable female, and involved himself in a hideous complication. But when in all his experience did Mr. Wyndham find this stale old story better told than by Mr. Sydney Grundy, who has fairly mastered the art of farcical conversation, and in the matter of witty dialogue become a formidable rival to Mr. Penley? However, no one will grumble that the manager of the Criterion could not see his way to producing the last and best version of Von Moser's "Haroun Alraschid;" for on the whole it could not have been better done than by Mr. Hawtrey's company at the Globe. Mr. Hawtrey is not Wyndham, but he does not pretend to be, and he plays the perplexed husband in a comic manner that is peculiarly his own and is irresistibly comic. The bewilderment produced by a sudden complication of adverse circumstances, the nervous irritability induced by a domestic thorn in the side, the mental fog caused by a wild career of misapplied mendacity have surely never been expressed with such an air of truth. Mr. Hawtrey is a light comedian, gifted with a true sense of humour. Your light comedian as a rule is as well-looking and as brainless as an operatic tenor. So that it comes to this: however well Mr. Wyndham would have played Arthur Hummington, he would, after all, have been Wyndham, and not Hawtrey, and the Hawtrey style, nervousness and indecision apart, is unquestionably droll. And who could have spared little Mr. Penley as the comical cad, or Miss Lottie Venne as the vulgar circus rider? It is worth all the money to see this couple attitudinising on chairs and sofas, and ogling one another in the true spirit of caricature. Picture little Penley in a down-the-road coat, with enormous buttons, pink waistcoat, tight trousers, horsey hat, and a cigar in his mouth almost as big as himself, winking at Miss Lottie Venne, perched on a sofa arm, smoking cigarettes and drinking brandy-and-soda. It is "as good as a play." Mr. Penley's cad is as good as his curate. The audience roars with laughter as he accompanies the music-hall song with amateur fingering on the piano and joining in the chorus with an appreciative "second" as flat as it is inharmonious. And equally funny, in her way, is the "gutta-percha girl," played with such comic insolence by Miss Venne. What could Chaumont, with all her reputation, do better than this? The other ladies in the cast might act and dress better than they do, with the exception of a new and promising little ingénue,

Miss Agnes Miller; but the after-dinner playgoer will not have much fault to find, and, in the performance of the three principal characters, will be provided with genuine and legitimate amusement. A funnier farce or better acting have not been seen since Mr. Daly's American Company left us for their home in New York.

M. Coquelin, admirable artist as he is, has not succeeded in impressing an English audience with his reading of Mathias in the weird play known in England as "The Bells." He says in his defence, "A man with the force and strength of Mathias can bury his crime, die even of that crime, without giving anyone the slightest suspicion of it." Of course he can; but the authors do not show us such a man. Why do they introduce the mountebank at the fair, the second Polish Jew, the blood-money among the marriage portion, the intelligence of Christian? Nay, why do they produce the jingling of bells at all if they did not mean their hero to be unmoved by them. M. Coquelin is not required to give us a Mathias of his own creation, but one already created by MM. Eckermann-Chatrian. Mr. Irving's Mathias is surely nearer to the truth.

HORSE AND BICYCLE RACE.

A six-days' contest between two cycling champions—Richard Howell, of Leicester, and W. M. Woodside, of Philadelphia—and two horsemen, Broncho Charley and Marve Beardsley, of the Wild West Show, has been going on at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The scores at the close of Monday were as follows:—Cyclists, 137 miles 7 laps; horsemen, 136 miles 6 laps. On Tuesday, precisely at the advertised time (2.30 p.m.), Broncho Charley and Howell resumed the contest. The horsemen at first decreased the lead of their opponents, but by the end of an hour the cyclists had lost very little ground, the scores at this time being—cyclists, 154 miles 7 laps; horsemen, 154 miles. Steadily, however, the horsemen made up their lost ground, and the eleventh hour of the race found the scores thus—cyclists, 188 miles 5 laps; horsemen, 188 miles 2 laps. At 195 miles the horsemen got on terms with their rivals. They, however, quickly fell behind again, and when twelve hours had elapsed they were nearly three quarters of a mile in the rear. They continued to lose ground for a time. Subsequently, the pace of the cyclists slackened, and at 239 miles the horsemen again drew level. The racing now proved most exciting. When the last hour was entered upon, the Wild West men were two laps ahead. They managed to maintain the lead, and when time was called they were rather more than 200 yards ahead. The final scores were—horsemen, 272 miles (Broncho Charley, 136 miles; Beardsley 136 miles); cyclists, 271 miles 7 laps (Woodside, 144 miles; Howell, 127 miles 7 laps). The contest would be finished this (Saturday) evening. It is for a stake of £300. Thirty horses are ridden in turn.

THE LATE STORM IN THE MERSEY.

The violent gale on Tuesday, Nov. 1, had extraordinary effects in the estuary of the Mersey. The wind in the night before had been strongly blowing from the east; in the morning it turned to the opposite quarter, and blew from the south-south-west, but changed its direction again in the day. The waves and tide from the high sea outside met the ground-swell in the estuary, caused by the former wind; and the enclosed piece of water became more agitated than it has been seen in living remembrance. The scene, from Liverpool or from Birkenhead, was strange and wild, and the ferry steam-boats had much difficulty in crossing, often wrapped in clouds of spray. The sea washed over the dock-walls at Birkenhead; several vessels anchored in the river broke their cables, and drifted up with the current of the tide then coming in. The barque Egeria, of St. John's, New Brunswick, smashed part of the landing-stage of the Woodside Ferry; and crowds of passengers turned back in dismay. The pier of the Tranmere Ferry, about noon, was struck by two schooners, which carried away large portions of the structure. One schooner, the Wild Hunter, of Youghal, shown in one of our Illustrations, being lifted high on the waves, tore quite through the gangway of the landing stage, a piece of which, twenty or thirty yards in length, was cast into the water, and the schooner then stuck fast in the wreck of that part of the pier. The other schooner, an iron vessel named the Greenore, broke down the bridge which connected Tranmere Stage with the floating extremity of the pier. The schooner immediately afterwards sank. Three of the five men on board her got into a boat, which was upset; the other two clung to the rigging, and sank with the vessel: all five were drowned. When the tide turned, at midday, the vessels which had got loose, and some boats with pontoons and pieces of timber, were carried down the river with greater force of wind and water combined, the wind having also veered round to south-east at this time of the day. The navigation became very dangerous, and numerous steam-tugs were employed to stand by the drifting vessels or to take them in tow. Among them was the Reformatory school-ship Akbar, with 200 boys on board, which dragged her cables, went adrift, and narrowly escaped a collision with the Conway, the school-ship of the Mercantile Marine. A floating swimming-bath and a powder-hulk were also set adrift, the latter exciting much alarm. One of the pontoons supporting the Prince's landing-stage, on the Liverpool side, was stove in and sunk, but the remainder stood very well. Much damage was done to the roofs of sheds and other buildings. Our Illustrations are from Sketches by Mr. Arthur A. Fownes.

The Duke of Bedford has sent to Mr. Courthope Todd, founder and director of the Theatrical Mission, a cheque for £100 in aid of the building fund of the institute.

On Monday last a new Roman Catholic church was opened in Jersey. It is the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the Channel Islands, and cost over £20,000.

Sir Frederick Broome, Governor of Western Australia, has received a telegram from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in which the latter agrees in principle to conceding responsible government to Western Australia.

Lord Justice Cotton presided, last Saturday, over a dinner of London Volunteer sergeants and ex-sergeants, held at St. Stephen's Hall, Royal Aquarium, to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee. The Duke of Cambridge, pointed out how the Volunteer force had been developed during the Queen's reign.

The committee of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework, Clare-street, Dublin, have made arrangements for the holding of a Decorative Art Exhibition in Dublin next February. The exhibition will be under the patronage of Princess Christian and the Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Board intrusted by the Government with the expenditure of £5000 per annum for the encouragement of the breeding of horses has been nominated. It consists of the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse; the Earl of Coventry, Master of the Buckhounds; Mr. Jacob Wilson, representing the Royal Agricultural Society; Mr. Gilmour, of the Highland Society of Scotland; and Mr. Bowen-Jones, of the Central Chamber of Agriculture.

THE RECESS.

The Prime Minister's speech at the Lord Mayor's Guildhall banquet on the Ninth of November, always looked forward to with deep interest, had some of its political importance discounted by the earlier announcement of the satisfactory arrangements come to with France as regards the Suez Canal and the New Hebrides. Similarly with Ireland. Mr. Arthur Balfour was Lord Salisbury's herald with respect to the Irish policy of the Government. The Secretary for Ireland was fresh from the Cabinet Council in Downing-street when he delivered the characteristically smart address in the Birmingham Townhall, on the 4th of this month. Mouthpiece of his uncle, Mr. Balfour spoke with much of Lord Salisbury's sledge-hammer effectiveness. He emphatically denounced Mr. Gladstone for his alleged encouragement of lawlessness, and his efforts to paralyse the hand of Government in Ireland. Cheered by the jocose cry of "Rub it in!" Mr. Balfour quoted figures to prove his case:

During the period of Lord Salisbury's Ministry there have been 400 public meetings held in Ireland, and of these twelve, and twelve only, have been stopped by the order of the Government. That is to say, one meeting in thirty-three has been stopped. During Mr. Gladstone's Administration 351 meetings were to be held in Ireland, of which fifty-five were stopped. That is to say, he stopped one meeting out of eight. This man, who talks to you of the right of public meeting and of free speech, stopped one meeting out of eight; while we, so far, have only stopped meetings at the rate of one out of thirty-three.

"Other times, other manners!" is the Gladstonian answer to this line of argument. Mr. Gladstone, in no way abashed by the figures of Mr. Balfour or his figures of speech, lost no time in returning to the attack of Ministers. The right hon. gentleman last Tuesday addressed to a meeting of Midlothian electors at Dalkeith a letter, in which occurred the following scathing sentence against Ministers and against "coercion" in Ireland:

They have already exposed the miserable hollowness of the profession that the Union as now administered gives Ireland equal rights with ourselves, and have proved that the spirit of the old tyranny is alive in the hearts of the present Irish Administration; although, happily, it does not possess the power of Strafford, or of Cromwell, or of Clare.

The sum total of the November speeches thus far is that no rapprochement has been brought about yet between the rival Parties. Useless reiteration is the rule on all sides. Mr. Goschen, at Bath, on the 4th, did so far diverge from the beaten track at the close of his speech as to promise that the Ministry would deal next Session with Parliamentary Procedure, Local Government, and Local Finance. But, speaking at Scarborough the same day, Earl Spencer harped on the eternal chord of Ireland; as did Mr. Childers at Dalbeattie. Neither had anything fresh to say, however, beyond reaffirming their belief in Home Rule as the one thing needful for the Sister Isle. Addressing National League meetings at Castlerea and Carrick-on-Shannon, on Sunday, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Davitt inveighed against the Government for the imprisonment of Mr. William O'Brien. Mr. Parnell maintains silence. He may well rest content with "masterly inactivity" when the cause of Irish Home Rule is advocated with fervour, not only by the veteran Liberal Leader (who last week afforded Earl Granville and Earl Spencer ocular proof in Hawarden Park that he can ply an axe and fell a tree with his old vigour), but also by Lord Granville, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Kimberley, Lord Herschell, Earl Spencer, as aforesaid, and latterly by Sir George Trevelyan. Earl Granville, in the course of a speech at Hanley on Monday, confessed that he had been converted to Home Rule by Earl Spencer. The Marquis of Hartington (who had a long interview with Mr. Goschen at Devonshire House on Tuesday) meanwhile continues to accord the most loyal support to Lord Salisbury's Government, which pursues the even tenor of its way, firm in the consciousness that the staunch Liberal Unionist support will maintain the large Ministerial majority in Parliament.

Mr. Andrew Johnston, formerly M.P. for South Essex, has been appointed an Assistant Boundary Commissioner.

The Manchester Exhibition, to which there have been above four and a half millions of admissions since the opening in May, finally closed on Thursday afternoon.

There was a splendid show of flowers and fruit at the annual fête of the National Chrysanthemum Society, held on Wednesday and Thursday at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster.

The Queen has become the patron of the Selden Society.—Her Majesty has sent £25 to Mr. Jas. Lees, of Goole, who in the Jubilee celebrations was injured by an explosion of fireworks.

The Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, Rector of Morpeth, on attaining his Jubilee as priest, on Monday, was presented by his parishioners and friends with an address and a cheque for nearly £300. Lady Elizabeth Grey received a gold bracelet.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* states that the gold nugget recently found in the mine of the Midas Gold Mining Company, in the Creswick division of Victoria, weighed 617 oz. of apparently pure gold, and has been named, after the wife of the present Governor of Victoria, the "Lady Loch."

Mr. Woodall, M.P., presided on Tuesday at the annual meeting of the National Women's Suffrage Society, held at the Manchester Townhall. The report stated that the total number of avowed supporters of the society in the House of Commons had increased to 355, including 176 Conservatives, 108 Liberals, 27 Liberal Unionists, and 44 Irish Nationalists.

A burglary was committed on Tuesday night at the mansion at Milton Park, Egham, the seat of Baron G. De Worms, while the family were at dinner. The thieves obtained access to the Baroness's dressing-room and secured jewellery valued at about £900. They were traced to the Wheatsheaf Hotel, Virginia Water, but the clue then failed.

The Bishop of London has suggested that the endowment of St. Michael, Cornhill, about £1200 a year, should be devoted as a stipend for a Suffragan Bishop of London. The rectory is now vacant, and the Drapers' Company, with whom the gift rests, have almost unanimously agreed to adopt the proposal.

The Church Missionary Society has received £1000 from an anonymous donor, who was moved by reading a recent attack on the Society in a London newspaper. The Company of Merchant Taylors has given thirty guineas to the Curates' Augmentation Fund; the Clothworkers' Company has given £20 to the Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays; and the Mercers' Company has given £26 5s. in aid of the Home for Crippled Children, about to be opened by the Society.

The Earl of Longford, Countess Cairns, Lord and Lady Dynevor, Dowager Lady Dynevor, Sir Fowell and Lady Victoria Buxton, Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., and Lady Birkbeck, and a large number of friends and relations were present on Wednesday morning in the pretty church of Nutwood, Surrey, on the occasion of the marriage of the Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot with Miss Marian Gurney, who was given away by her father. The bridesmaids were the three Misses Gurney, the Hons. Cecil, Alice, and Mary Rice, and Miss E. T. Buxton. The best man was the Rev. Herbert Knox.



SKETCHES AT THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

The annual procession of the new Lord Mayor on Wednesday presented several features of novel device. There was a special car representing the good works of the City Corporation in securing for popular recreation some of the ancient forests, commons, and open spaces around London. Pictures of scenes in Epping Forest and Burnham Beeches, with costumed figures of mediaeval foresters, shepherds, and shepherdesses, occupied this car, which was drawn by six horses, followed by a hawking party on horseback, and by the banners inscribed with the names of those places, of Coulsdon-common, and Highgate Woods. The commerce of London was represented, on another car, by the figure of England, attended by Father

Thames and by City merchants in the dress of the Elizabethan age, with bales of merchandise, and a miner behind. Education, with groups of teachers and scholars, craftsmen and apprentices of technical arts, and a female figure, personifying the Guildhall School of Music, occupied a special car, followed by the boys of the training-ship Warspite, with their band. The charities of the City were illustrated by groups signifying the different hospitals and similar institutions, ranged around a central figure standing for London; and this car was followed by a military ambulance, with the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps. The Licensed Victuallers' gift life-boat for Hunstanton, on the Norfolk coast, was drawn

by eight horses on its transporting car, and was manned by the Worthing life-boat crew, in their cork jackets, with the full equipment prescribed by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. The other parts of the procession were in the usual style and order.

We understand that the following donations, amongst others, have been promised to the Hampstead-heath extension scheme: The Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Westminster, £3000 each; Lady Ossington, Lord Portman, Messrs. Baring Brothers, and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, £1000 each; Baroness Burdett-Coutts, £1000; and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, £500.



HORSE AND BICYCLE CONTEST AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 8.

Public affairs in France have been going on badly during the past week. In the first place, the Cabinet narrowly escaped falling on the question of the conversion of the Four-and-a-half per Cent Rente into a Three per Cent—a purely financial matter, in which the members of the Right and of the Extreme Left saw an opportunity of creating a crisis. Luckily, however, the members of the Right withdrew at the last moment, and the Ministry triumphed. Next came the Parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of M. Wilson. The question was whether M. Wilson had traded with his influence and sold the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. To this the Chamber replied by appointing a Commission to inquire into the conduct of State functionaries in general. Nothing could be more regrettable than this encouragement throughout the country of chronic distrust and unwholesome agitation. To the dissolvent influence of the Deputies must be added the disastrous symptoms of corruption and moral degradation revealed by the Caffarel affair, which came before the tribunal yesterday. The culprits are General Caffarel, Madame Limouzin, Madame Ratazzi, Madame De Saint-Sauveur, Madame De Courteuil, and MM. Lorentz and Bayle. The proceedings of yesterday and of to-day gave us the unifying spectacle of a superior officer of the French Army, without intelligence and without morality, who evidently traded with his influence in the most cynical and idiotic manner. The same judgment must be passed on the conduct of the absconding senator General D'Andlau.

Rich people who are virtuous rarely get much credit for their pains. The French Academy never gives a Montyon prize to a Rothschild, but rather to some poor servant girl, or to a deserving valet who has sacrificed his economics in order to save his ruined master from starvation. Millionaire virtue has found its apotheosis at last in M. Ludovic Halévy's book, "L'Aubé Constantin," a dramatisation of which has just been produced at the Gymnase Theatre with immense success. The dramatisation is less delicate and charming than the book: indeed, excepting the first act, the piece is rather tiresome and melodramatic; but all the characters are so good, all their actions and thoughts so exemplary, that at every sentence they draw tears of sympathy from the eyes of the audience, and the spectacle is consequently admirably suited for girls and innocent people without guile. The scenery is very pretty, and, all goody-goody as it is, the piece is not without merit. Above all, it is a Christian and a Catholic play; and, strange to say, the author of the book is a Jew; the adapters of the piece, MM. Crémieux and Decourcelle, are Jews; the manager of the Gymnase Theatre, M. Koning, is a Jew; and half the people—actors, actresses, and employés—connected with the theatre are Jews.

The Municipal Council is now studying the question of the lighting of Paris by electricity. Very shortly, a municipal electric lighting manufactory will be established in the cellars of the Central Markets for lighting the markets and the neighbouring streets as far as the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville.—Prince Oscar of Sweden has entered the studio of the painter Gervex as an ordinary student, under the pseudonym of M. Oscarson. Prince Karageorgevitch is studying in the same studio.—The five-hundredth performance of Gounod's "Faust" was celebrated with some ceremony at the Opéra on Friday M. Gounod conducting the orchestra in person. This opera was first produced in Paris in 1859, with very small success; and the author with difficulty sold his score for 10,000 francs. Since then, this score has brought in more than two millions of francs to its publisher, M. Choudens.—At the meeting of the Commission of the retrospective exhibition of labour, M. Dautresme last week traced the programme to be realised in this section of the Exhibition of 1889. Side by side with the splendours of modern civilisation the visitors must see displayed in a striking manner by what transformations primitive man has attained his present condition; the exhibition of anthropological sciences must be accompanied by a material history of industry.—The slowness with which the mural paintings in the Pantheon are being executed is being much commented upon in the artistic world. At the same time, the official world is thinking of filling the vaults with illustrious graves. But whose remains shall receive the honours of the Pantheon? Wanted, some great men to be buried in the Pantheon, and to justify the inscription on the façade: "Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnaissante." The story runs in the Latin Quarter that at night the shade of Victor Hugo quits its dwelling in the lonely vaults, and wanders across the Place du Panthéon pointing to the inscription and murmuring, "Aux grands hommes... Why this plural?" T. C.

The King of Holland has given his assent to the Bill revising the Constitution.

The German Emperor, who continues to make satisfactory progress, was able on the 3rd inst. to leave his bed for the first time for nearly a week, and transact some business. Prince William arrived at Berlin on the 4th inst., and, after visiting the Emperor, continued his journey to Springe, in Hanover, to attend the Court Hunt there. Sir Morell Mackenzie, who has been sent for by the Crown Princess of Germany, has telegraphed to Berlin that the health of the Crown Prince is excellent, but that the local complaint has assumed an unfavourable character, though there is no indication of immediate danger.—The Imperial Parliament has been summoned to meet on the 24th inst.

Count Kalnoky made, in the Hungarian Delegation last Saturday, his promised statement on the foreign policy of the Empire. He regarded it as a considerable achievement that foreign interference in the affairs of Bulgaria had been averted. He was striving to maintain their relations with Russia on the most friendly possible footing, and he hoped to be able to induce her to join more than she did at present in the peaceful and conservative endeavours of the Central Powers.

The Greek Chamber was opened on Friday week by Royal decree, which was read by M. Tricoupis, the Premier.

The Sultan of Morocco is declared to be out of danger, and orders have been given to the Governors to return to their posts.

News has been received at St. Paul de Loanda from Mr. H. M. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition up to Aug. 8. He was then advancing to the Albert Nyanza, and had learned that Emin Pasha was in good health. Mr. Stanley hoped to be in direct communication with him about Aug. 15.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has passed resolutions in favour of the peaceful settlement of the Fisheries Question and the reference of English and American disputes to arbitration.—Mr. Irving met with an enthusiastic reception at New York on Monday night in "Faust," and the piece was completely successful.

The Viceroy of India, with Lady Dufferin and his staff, left Simla on Thursday week and proceeded on a long tour, which will embrace the principal frontier stations. Several of these will be visited in conjunction with the Commander-in-Chief. The party will arrive in Calcutta in December.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The "Cass case" has ended (if ended now it be) in a manner eminently satisfactory—to all that class of persons of whom Mr. Justice Stephen became the prophet when he published "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," a work designed to expose the absurdity and mischievousness of Mill's doctrines of "Liberty," and of the equal rights of men and women. It will surely be many a long day before the world is troubled with another storm in a tea-cup about such a trifles as the honour of a little dressmaker girl; before another such chit when arrested will expose herself to having every indiscretion of her past life published in every newspaper, and her peace of mind ruined for months, by making a row about her innocence; before another mistress whose servant is unjustly accused will stand by her in her trouble, at the price of having her own house denounced by insidious questions in court as a place of immoral resort, her own daughter as a bad character, and herself as a low, swearing brothel-keeper; before another majority of the House of Commons will break away from the Whip and vote down a Government which regarded as of no consequence so trivial a matter as the unjustified arrest of a work-girl and the false swearing of a constable. Mr. Justice Stephen, in short, has managed the whole business admirably (from the point of view of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity"—not the silly theories, but the work in contravention of them, that is); and respectable girls will in future be quietly arrested, and their characters ruined for life, at the absolute, unquestioned, and irresponsible discretion of working-men in blue coats, without their "betters" being disturbed by the suppressed sobs of anguish of the helpless victims. It is all comfortably over, for good (women, and men who are the fathers and brothers of working-girls, may think at the moment that it is "for bad," but that is of no consequence) and after this sharp rebuff of everybody concerned in the Quixotic attempt to punish an offence against "the least of these little ones," the great world of officialdom, of selfish callousness, and of scoundrelism, settles down once more into its ordinary comfortable conviction that those who excite themselves with high-flown rubbish about great principles of justice and freedom can always be outwitted in practice by the superior cleverness of those who despise such cant.

Many English women have written verse; a few have produced what deserves to be called poetry. But amongst them all, only one has been a great poet. Elizabeth Barrett Browning had all the tenderness, all the pathos, and all the purity of soul that becometh a woman who writes, and that place her high amidst the masters of English poetry. Her great brain had the advantage of a culture such as would be considered liberal to-day, and such as was rarely indeed accorded to clever women in earlier ages than the present. She was a thorough classical scholar, taught by a master competent to appreciate and elicit his pupil's powers; and she remained an indefatigable student, partly because delicate health prevented her from active exertions, during all those precious years of youth and the early prime of maturity which girls generally fritter away on frivolous gaieties. The same "blessing in disguise," her feeble health, prevented her from being engrossed in domestic cares by an early marriage. Hence, Elizabeth Barrett's fine genius had at once the needful stimulus and the required room to "bougeon out itself." With a power that lifted her to heights sublime, she had yet all the noblest intuitions of her sex; and, what is more, she had sympathy with the highest ideals of and for her sex, so that women who read her verse find their noblest aspirations, as well as their sweetest and saddest emotions, recorded in living words. In her sonnets to George Sand, in her verses on the death of Mrs. Hemans, in that most beautiful wedding song penned for the Queen, and in a hundred direct stanzas on passing allusions about the labours and sorrows and joys and fears of her own sex, she showed herself not only a woman but a woman's poet.

With all this to make her a writer whose works should be read by every lover of poetry, and especially by every woman, Mrs. Browning has been comparatively little made known to the masses of readers, because her works have never been published at a moderate price. A poet cannot be known by one reading; his works must be made familiar companions; tasted in various moods; not taken in surfeiting doses, but taken up and laid down at will; and thus a poet whose works are only to be obtained in high-priced editions, and can only be read by many as borrowed books, can never be really popular. It is a fact that no poet so famous as Mrs. Browning has been so inaccessible to admirers with thin purses. The whole works of Shakespeare or Byron, Milton or Tennyson, Pope or Moore, may be bought for a few shillings; but the only great woman-poet of England has remained secluded from "the people" in expensive sets of volumes. Her heirs and executors had, undoubtedly, the right to pursue this course if they saw fit; but it is not without satisfaction that one reflects that it is precisely to meet such cases that a terminable copyright was devised, so that all mankind might reap the benefit of the high and stirring thoughts and words of their greatest, at last. I have just seen a portly volume, issued for less than a crown, of all the poems of Mrs. Browning of which the copyright has expired; together with a most interesting etched portrait of the poetess, and a biographical introduction by Mr. John H. Ingram, the editor of the "Eminent Women Series." There are missing from this volume the matchless "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and "Aurora Leigh," which are still under protection; but practically all the rest of her work of real interest is here, and the writings of Mrs. Browning are thus made popularly accessible at last.

The Maharajah Holkar has taken a courageous and important step in contributing 500 rupees to the fund for prosecuting Rukmabhai's appeal against the decree of the English Courts in India to enforce her marriage, which was made without her consent in her childhood. The great potentate has displayed himself in a noble manner in thus stemming the tide of ancient custom and prejudice; to dare to do this is, indeed, to claim the highest privilege possible to lofty position and power. While English Judges and members of her Majesty's Council hesitate to refuse the enforcement by English authority of those wicked old native customs, child marriage and perpetual widowhood, for fear of arousing native discontent, a native Prince has dared to set the example of disregarding vulgar clamour and priestly dictation. Holkar has nobly justified the princely post of a great potentate which drew all eyes upon him as he walked into the Abbey, to honour the Jubilee of his Empress. F. F.-M.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lady Londonderry, who had been entertaining a distinguished party at their Durham country seat, Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees, left on Monday morning for Dublin. On Saturday last Lord and Lady Londonderry opened a Fine-Art Exhibition at Stockton.

The new public library at Fulham was opened last Saturday afternoon by the Vicar of the parish, the Rev. F. H. Fisher, who is also chairman of the Library Commissioners. There was a large attendance, and several congratulatory addresses were delivered.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF CARNWATH.

The Right Hon. Sir Harry Burrard Dalzell, eleventh Earl of Carnwath, and Baron Dalzell, in the Peerage of Scotland, a Baronet of Nova Scotia, retired Colonel Bengal Artillery, died on the 1st inst. He was born Nov. 11, 1804, third son of Lieutenant-General Robert Alexander Dalzell, who was restored, by Act of Parliament, in 1826 to the Earldom of Carnwath, which had been attainted after the rising in 1715. He married, Nov. 16, 1827, Isabella, only daughter of the Rev. Alexander Campbell, and had by her (who died in 1867) two sons, Arthur John (who died in 1849) and Robert Augustus, Captain Scots Fusilier Guards (who died in 1869), and two daughters, of whom the younger is married to Captain Edward Stanley Adeane, R.N. C.M.G. Lord Carnwath succeeded his elder brother in 1875, and is himself succeeded by his nephew, Robert Harris, now twelfth Earl of Carnwath, born in 1847, and married, in 1873, to Emily Sullivan, daughter of Mr. Henry Hippisley, of Lamborne Place, Berks, and great-niece of the late Viscount Palmerston, K.G.

LORD WOLVERTON.

The Right Hon. George Grenfell Glyn, second Lord Wolverton, of Wolverton, Bucks, P.C., died suddenly on the 6th inst. He was born Feb. 10, 1824, the eldest son of George Carr Glyn (fourth son of Sir Richard Carr Glyn), on whom the Peerage of Wolverton was conferred Dec. 14, 1869. His mother was Marianne, daughter of Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, M.P., of Taplow House. The nobleman whose death we record was educated at Rugby and University College, Oxford, and became a leading partner in the great banking firm of Glyn, Mills, and Co. He sat in the House of Commons for Shaftesbury from 1857 to 1873, when he succeeded to the Barony of Wolverton. From 1868 to 1873 he was Joint Secretary to the Treasury; from 1880 to 1885 Paymaster-General; and from February to July, 1886, Postmaster-General. In politics he adhered to those of Mr. Gladstone. His Lordship married, June 22, 1848, Georgiana Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. George Tufnell, of Uffington, Berks, but had no issue. The title devolves consequently on his nephew, Henry Richard, now third Lord Wolverton, born July 18, 1861, who is elder son of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Henry Carr Glyn, C.B., C.S.I.

LORD ST. JOHN OF BLETHSHO.

The Right Hon. Sir St. Andrew St. John, fifteenth Baron St. John of Blethsho, and a Baronet, J.P. and D.L. for Bedfordshire, died at Melchbourne Park, on the 2nd inst., aged forty-seven. He was eldest son of the fourteenth Lord by Eleanor, his wife, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Hussey, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., of Wood Walton; and succeeded to the title in 1874. He married, April 25, 1868, Ellen Georgina, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Senior, Poor Law Commissioner, and leaves two daughters. His barony now devolves on his brother, Beauchamp-Mowbray, as sixteenth Lord St. John of Blethsho, late of the 74th Regiment, born in 1844, who married in 1869, Helen Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Harry Thornton, of Kempston Grange, Bucks, and has issue.

SIR R. D. KING, BART.

Sir Richard Duckworth King, third Baronet, died at his residence, 2, Chesterfield-street, Nov. 2, 1887, in his eighty-fourth year. He was eldest son of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard King, G.C.B., by Sarah Anne, his wife, only daughter of Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth, Bart., G.C.B.; and grandson of Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart., so distinguished in the naval achievements in the memorable conflicts between Sir Edward Hughes and De Suffrein. The Baronet whose death we record was educated at Eton, and entered the Army in 1822, from which he retired, hon. Major, in 1881. He succeeded his father in 1834, and married, in 1836, Marianne, daughter of Mr. James Barnett, by whom (who died March 20, 1837) he had a daughter, who survived her birth a few days only. The title is now inherited by Sir Richard's brother, Sir George St. Vincent King, K.C.B., Admiral R.N., an officer of the Legion of Honour, and third class Medjidieh. He was born in 1809, and married, in 1847, Lady Caroline Mary Dawson-Damer, sister of the Earl of Portarlington, K.P., by whom he has one surviving son and one daughter.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Thomas Hayton, B.A., Vicar of Long Crendon, near Thame, on the 2nd inst., aged ninety-five.

Mrs. Maitland, of Gelston Castle and Gretna, N.B., at her seat near Castle Douglas, on the 31st ult., in her hundredth year.

Mr. Henry Musgrave, J.P. and D.L., formerly of Beech Hill, near High Wycombe, last surviving son of Mr. George Musgrave, of Shillington Manor, Bedfordshire, High Sheriff in 1828, on the 2nd inst., aged eighty-seven.

Mr. John Hosack, barrister-at-law, Bencher of the Middle Temple, and late one of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates, on the 3rd inst., aged seventy-eight. He was author of a defence of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The Hon. and Rev. John Gifford, M.A., Rector of Siddington, Devon, J.P., on the 2nd inst. He was born Nov. 27, 1821, the second son of Sir Robert Gifford, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Colonel Edward Goulburn, of Betchworth House, Surrey, J.P., late Grenadier Guards, son of the late Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Matthew, Lord Rokeby, on the 2nd inst., aged seventy-one.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Rev. Thomas Staniforth, late of Storrs, in the parish of Windermere, and of Darnall Hall, and of Kirk Hammerton Hall, in the county of York, clerk in holy orders, was proved in the Wakefield District Registry, on the 27th ult., by his great-nephews, Captain Charles Staniforth Greenwood and Edwin Wilfrid Greenwood, of Kirk Hammerton Hall, the executors. The personal estate was sworn at £149,667 16s. 8d. After bequeathing various legacies to friends and to servants, the testator gives all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to the said Edwin Wilfrid Greenwood, absolutely, on condition that within one year after his (testator's) decease Mr. Greenwood obtains a Crown license to take and bear the surname and arms of Stanyforth (the ancient spelling) in the place of his own.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1887) of Mr. Richard Quain, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen, late of No. 32, Cavendish-square, who died on Sept. 15 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by the Hon. George Charles Brodrick and Sir George Young, Bart., two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £78,000. The testator bequeaths his portrait, by Richmond, to the Royal College of Surgeons; the bust of his late brother, Sir John Richard Quain, by Woolner, to the Benchers of the Middle Temple; his house in Cavendish-square, with the furniture and effects, and an annuity of £400 to his late wife's niece, Fanny Edith Dickinson; an annuity of £100 to his cousin Miss Mary Madden; and legacies to his cousin Dr. Madden, Dean of Cork, his butler, late wife's maid, and to Ada Jackson. The residue of such part of his property as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes he leaves, upon trust, for the promotion and encouragement, in connection with University College, London, of general education in modern languages (especially English language and composition), and in natural science, either by salaries or other payments to those who teach, as by endowing professorships; or by pecuniary aid to those who are being taught, as by endowing scholarships or fellowships, or in any other manner the trustees may, in their absolute discretion, think proper. Special directions are given that the annual income only is to be so applied, and that the capital is to be kept intact, and that the name of his said late brother, Sir J. R. Quain, is to be associated with his own in any statement of the bequest. The residue of his property which he cannot bequeath for charitable purposes he gives to the said Fanny Edith Dickinson.

The will (dated May 11, 1887), with a codicil (dated Sept. 6, 1887), of Mr. Robert Little, wine merchant, of Liverpool, who died on the 11th ult., was proved on the 28th ult. by William Little and Radcliffe William Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £56,604. Testator bequeaths considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, and other relatives, and personal friends; also the following to charities in Liverpool:—£200 each to the Royal Infirmary, Northern Hospital, Royal Southern Hospital, Infirmary for Children, Eye and Ear Infirmary, and Bluecoat Hospital; £100 each to the Seamen's Orphanage, Training-ship Indefatigable, Asylum for Orphan Boys, Asylum for Female Orphans, Infant Orphan Asylum, School for the Blind (Hurdman-street), and Home for Incurables; £50 each to the Convalescent Hospital at Woolton, School for the Deaf and Dumb, Female Penitentiary, Ladies' Charity, Dental Hospital, Hospital for Consumption, Cancer Hospital, Central Relief Society, Society for Reclaiming Fallen Women, Mission to Seamen (Mersey Branch), North Dispensary, and South Dispensary. All legacies are to be paid free of duty, and the residue of his estate, both real and personal, testator leaves to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Little; his nephew, William Little; and his niece, Mrs. Catherine Scott.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1876), with a codicil (dated Oct. 10, 1882), of Mr. William Barber Buddicom, M.I.C.E., J.P., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, late of Penbedw Hall, in the parish of Nannerch, Flintshire, who died on Aug. 4 last, was proved on the 29th ult. by Walter Hownam Buddicom, the son, and David Archer Vaughan Colt Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator confirms the settlement made by him of real estate in the counties of Flint, Denbigh, and Chester, by which, subject to the use and enjoyment for life of Penbedw Hall and pleasure-grounds given to his wife, Mrs. Marie Jeanne Buddicom, for life, the said real estate, including the lordship and manor of Penbedw, is settled on his said son Walter Hownam, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, successively, according to their respective seniorities, and the heirs male of their respective bodies. He also confirms the settlement made by him of very considerable personal estate under which his wife is to receive the income, for life, half thereof for the maintenance of certain of their children, and at her death nine eighteenths are to go with his settled real estate, two eighteenths are to be held, upon trust, for his son Walter Hownam, three eighteenths for his son Harry Williams, and two eighteenths for each of his daughters Ellin and Jeanne Caroline; £10,000 having been settled by him upon his other daughter, Martha Louise, on her marriage. He bequeaths his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects to his wife; but, as to some of the articles, for life only, and these at her death are either given to children or made heirlooms to go with his settled real estate; and there are legacies to executors, son-in-law, grandchildren, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to go with his settled real estate. In the event of any of his children becoming Roman Catholics there is a gift over as though they were dead.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1871) of Mr. Matthew O'Reilly, Dease, J.P., D.L., formerly M.P., late of 30, St. James's-square, S.W., and Dee Farm, in the county of Louth, Ireland, who died on Aug. 17 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Sir Augustus Keppel Stephenson, K.C.B., the solicitor for the affairs of her Majesty's Treasury for the time being, and, as such, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. By the will, a full copy of which we append, it will be seen that nearly the whole of his personal property is given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be applied towards the reduction of the National Debt; and the sum which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will receive under this legacy will probably amount to £40,000. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is also to receive all the real estate, to be applied in a similar way:—"I give and bequeath to my faithful solicitors and friends, Graves Colles and Robert Warren Meade, the sum of £1000 each as a mark of my esteem. I give and bequeath to Abraham Colles, my faithful and skilful land agent, the sum of £1000 as a mark of my esteem. I give and bequeath to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Armagh, for the time being, the sum of £100, to be expended in procuring masses to be said for the repose of my soul; and I give and bequeath all the remainder of my real and personal property whatsoever or wheresoever to the person holding for the time being the office of Chancellor of her Majesty's Exchequer, to be by him applied towards the extinguishing of the National Debt; and I appoint the said Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Solicitor of her Majesty's

Treasury for the time being the executors of this my last will and testament."

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1882), with four codicils (dated Jan. 27 and Feb. 12, 1885; Oct. 15, 1886; and April 28, 1887), of Mr. Heron Broughton, late of No. 21, Macaulay-road, Clapham, who died on Aug. 8 last, was proved on the 27th ult., by John Thomas Dodd, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Church Pastoral Aid Society; £200 each to the Ragged School Union and the Reformatory and Refuge Union; £1000 to the Church Missionary Society; £300 each to his nephew, William Broughton, and his two nieces, Elizabeth and Fanny Broughton; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to John Alexander McDonald, George McDonald, Archibald McIntyre McDonald, and William Yeats McDonald, in equal shares.

JENNY LIND
(MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT).

Forty years ago, but still among the pleasing recollections of many who confess themselves elderly and who should be preparing to endure being called old men and women, the "Swedish Nightingale" alighted on the shores of England. The good and gracious matronly lady, the late Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, whose amiable disposition has long endeared her to English private society, was then in the vigour of youth and genius. She at once became, with her miraculous vocal power, with a touching sincerity in the expression of all pure feelings which surpassed the most consummate art, and with a reputation, above all, for personal gentleness and sweetness of nature that was never belied, the object of popular adoration far beyond the circle of those claiming to be critics of musical performances. It is not remembered that she was considered a great beauty; the winning quality of her face and presence did not reside in her physical features, in the blue eyes and fair hair of her race, or in the moderately well-proportioned form, but in the look of womanly goodness and kindness, and in the artless, spontaneous, unconscious play of mental moods, revealing a lovely spirit, which animated the countenance not less in ordinary conversation than in the height of dramatic action. While those who could judge of her capacities and attainments as a singer were profuse in laudations, the greater number of admirers were those who regarded her almost as a new personal revelation of moral grace in humanity, crediting her with purer and nobler sentiments than those of the generality of mankind. Doubtless there always were, and are, in every community many ladies quite as good as she; but people chose her for a type of amiability. Jenny Lind was worshipped as a heroine with the same kind of romantic enthusiasm that made Garibaldi, long afterwards, the hero of the people's imagination; and her name was cherished by hundreds of thousands of the poor and the working classes, in their humble homes and in the London streets, though none of them could see or hear the famous songstress, for it had become a symbol of that ideal humanity which stirs the deep affections of simple hearts. It is probable enough that no real personage who has been famous in our time actually merited such a degree of exaltation; but the phenomenon of this kind of worship has been witnessed in several instances, and proves the existence of a natural longing for something good and lovely to believe in, which is starved by the dullness and meanness of common life.

Comparatively few of those who can recollect the Jenny Lind "furore"—to use a rather disparaging term—will retain a distinct image of her appearances, during two years only, on the operatic stage in London. It was on May 4, 1847, that she performed for the first time at the Covent-Garden Opera-house, and her last performance on any theatrical stage was on May 18, 1849. It was understood, at the time—but we do not know that she ever publicly avowed this motive for her withdrawal—that she had been led to consider the indiscriminate representation of the leading female parts in fashionable operas inconsistent with religious duty. "La Traviata," and others of a questionable sort, which could be mentioned, were of later date; but Jenny Lind would certainly not have consented to act in them. An intimate friendship with the excellent Bishop Stanley, of Norwich, father of Dean Stanley, had strengthened her religious convictions. She made an immense sacrifice of pecuniary gains, and of those brilliant triumphs which are usually dear to the ambition of female artists, in renouncing the lyric theatre; but the sense of fidelity to her conscience was her sufficient reward. In oratories, where her strong religious feeling had ample scope for its expression, and in concerts for charitable funds, she continued to sing occasionally during the next ten years, having in the meantime, in 1852, contracted a happy marriage with Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, a pianist and composer of sterling merit. The Bach Choir, conducted by her husband, had the benefit of her assistance in training the female voices, and she was one of the professors of the Royal College of Music. Among the many works of beneficence and educational usefulness to which she has contributed, the foundation of the Mendelssohn Scholarship was largely due to her singing at Exeter Hall, in the oratorio of "Elijah," in December, 1848, to raise funds for that purpose. The large profits of her American tour were bestowed in founding charities and art-scholarships in Sweden.

Returning to Jenny Lind's brief career as an actress and opera-singer, of which we reproduce a few illustrations from old volumes of this Journal, it may be mentioned that her earliest performance, at Stockholm, took place at the age of eighteen, in 1838, when she took the part of Alice in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," followed by that of Agatha in "Der Freischütz." She afterwards studied in Paris, where Meyerbeer prognosticated a brilliant career for the young artist. In 1844 she appeared at Berlin and Dresden, and in 1846 at Vienna. Mendelssohn and Moscheles wrote glowing eulogiums on the advent of "an artistic nature so noble, so genuine, so true, with such depth of feeling;" they pronounced her unique, and were astonished by her voice. All the anticipations of a brilliant career were amply fulfilled.

Jenny Lind's first public appearance in this country was in 1847, as Alice in the Italian version, "Roberto il Diavolo," of Meyerbeer's opera. Perhaps no musical début was ever preceded and attended by such excited expectation as that now referred to. Reports of the transcendent merits of the young Swedish singer had long circulated here, and her first entry on the stage of the Haymarket opera-house (the building destroyed by fire in 1867, and replaced by the present structure) was enthusiastically welcomed by an overflowing audience. The success thus obtained was thoroughly maintained. The operatic répertoire of Jenny Lind, however, was not very extensive, and her greatest successes were in characters in which refined grace and genial expression were the essentials, rather than those of tragic or heroic depth: such, for instance, as Norma, in which the artist produced comparatively slight effect otherwise than by vocal brilliancy and charm. Her voice was of remarkable quality, especially in its exceptionally extensive upper range—pure and penetrating, like the finest

tones of a silver trumpet, yet exquisitely delicate and beautiful, her execution having been finished to the highest artistic possibility.

Her performance of Maria, in Donizetti's "Figlia del Reggimento," in May, 1847, at Her Majesty's Theatre, was witnessed by the Queen and Prince Consort and Queen Adelaide. We find it on record that her Majesty (our present gracious Sovereign) was so delighted with Jenny Lind that she twice, with her own hands, threw splendid bouquets to the charming songstress, an almost unprecedented honour. In July of that year, Verdi's opera "I Masnadieri," founded on Schiller's tragedy, "Die Räuber," was brought out at the same theatre, expressly for Jenny Lind, who, in the part of Amalia, played and sang with Lablache, Coletti, and Gardoni. Madame Albani was then singing in "Le Nozze di Figaro" at the Royal Italian Opera; but a twelvemonth later, in July, 1848, that opera of Mozart's was produced by Mr. Lumley at Her Majesty's Theatre; and the part of Susanna was sustained by Jenny Lind with the utmost applause. Earlier in that season, in May and June, her performance of the heroine in "Lucia di Lammermoor" was pronounced the most wonderful creation of a character that had ever been seen on the lyric stage. She did not make it a mere vehicle for vocal display; but, as a great actress, threw her whole heart and soul into the impersonation, and represented the whole conflict of tortured feelings, and the agony leading to madness, as conceived in Sir Walter Scott's pathetic story, with overpowering force and truth. If we had space to quote the critical notices of that period, they would show that Jenny Lind's dramatic genius was then esteemed hardly less than her musical powers. But her greatest charm was not that of any art, it was that of her genuine individuality, and she soon preferred to be simply herself.

This beloved lady, on the 2nd inst., died at her residence near Malvern, and was buried last Saturday in the Great Malvern cemetery. The funeral was attended by her husband and sons and family, with their private friends; and Sir Michael Biddulph, on behalf of Queen Victoria and others of the Royal family, laid white flower-wreaths on the grave.

Our Portrait of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street, Pimlico.

THE COURT.

Yesterday week Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein took leave of her Majesty, and, attended by Miss Loch, left Balmoral Castle for Cumberland Lodge. Prince Henry of Battenberg accompanied the Princess to Ballater. A guard of honour of the Seaforth Highlanders paraded at the railway-station. Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron Pawel Von Rammingen arrived at the castle. Lord Stanley of Preston had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen went out last Saturday morning, attended by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove through Braemar and round the Lion's Face, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Frederica of Hanover, and attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps. Lord Stanley of Preston had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Sunday morning the Queen, accompanied by Princess Frederica, attended Divine service in the parish church of Crathie, the Rev. A. Gordon, minister of Kirknewton, Midlothian, officiating. The Dowager Marchioness of Ely and Major Waller were in attendance upon her Majesty. On Monday afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Frederica, drove to Birkhall, and honoured the Hon. Lady Biddulph with a visit. Lord Stanley of Preston had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family.—On behalf of the Queen the Home Secretary has published a notice in the *Gazette*, warmly thanking the Mayors and officers of Municipal Corporations for their exertions in celebrating her Majesty's Jubilee.

The Prince of Wales (whose proceedings in Devon and Cornwall are chronicled on another page) returned to London on Friday evening last week, and attended a banquet given to the Duke of Cambridge by the United Service Club, and left Marlborough House on Saturday for Sandringham. Prince Albert Victor left Marlborough House for York, to be attached for duty to the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers. The Maharajah of Kuch-Behar has arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince of Wales. A despatch from Fredensborg says that the condition of Princess Louise of Wales continues to improve, and her Royal Highness's complete recovery is shortly expected. According to latest accounts the health of the Princess of Wales has not been affected by the assiduity with which she has nursed her children.

The Royal yacht Victoria and Albert arrived at Sheerness yesterday week from Flushing with the Duchess of Albany and her children, who have been on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont at Arolsen Castle.

On the parade-ground of Wellington Barracks yesterday week the Duke of Cambridge distributed to the officers and men of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Foot Guards the bronze stars awarded by the Khedive of Egypt for their services in the Soudan campaign. In the evening the Duke was entertained at a dinner by the United Service Club, in celebration of his 'fifty years' connection with the British Army. We understand that his Royal Highness, who is at present Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, will be appointed Commander-in-Chief by patent on the occasion of his completing fifty years in the Army. The last Commander-in-Chief by patent was the Duke of Wellington.

The Attorney-General has appointed Mr. S. H. Day, of the South-Eastern Circuit, a son of Mr. Justice Day, junior prosecuting counsel to the Post Office on that circuit.

Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria, visited Spitalfields on Monday to open a large parish-hall in Hanbury-street, which has been bought by the Rev. Prebendary Billing, of Christ Church, and a number of friends, in which to hold entertainments and meetings in connection with the parish church. A large audience was present.

The returns of the Board of Trade show that during the past month 24,087 British emigrants left our shores, being an increase of 3133 on the numbers leaving in October, 1886. During the ten months ending last Monday the numbers were 149,861 English, 30,770 Scotch, and 74,898 Irish. Of these emigrants 185,631 went to the United States, 30,967 to British North America, and 27,989 to Australia.

Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, of 41, Jewin-street, are already in the field with their dainty Christmas gifts, consisting of tastefully-embellished cards, illustrated books, and photographic opals; and Messrs. Falkner send a few of their "quaint and curious" Christmas cards, which meet a growing desire for other than the regular chromo-lithographs: they are sold wholesale by Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho-square.—Fulcher's "Ladies' Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany" (published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) is a useful pocket-book with engagement diary for 1888; contains tales, verses, and puzzles; and is well illustrated.



1. In Verdi's opera, "I Masnadieri."
2. "Lucia di Lammermoor."

3. Jenny Lind at Exeter Hall.
4. Alice, in "Roberto il Diavolo."

5. Maria, in "La Figlia del Reggimento."
6. Suzanna, in "Le Nozze di Figaro."

JENNY LIND IN SOME OF HER MOST CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.



THE LATE MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT (JENNY LIND).

From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.

R. TAYLOR.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN DEVON AND CORNWALL.

The towns of Plymouth and Devonport, Falmouth and Truro, rejoiced last week in the presence of his Royal Highness, Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, and in the local public proceedings that were partly described in our last publication. At Plymouth, on the Monday evening, the Prince received a festive and ceremonious welcome. Our Artist's Sketches represent his arrival at the Guildhall, the Theatre Royal, and the Royal Hotel, and the scene at the presentation of prizes for rifle-shooting to successful competitors among the local Volunteer corps, the 2nd (Prince of Wales's) Volunteer Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment. His Royal Highness was the guest of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, at his Lordship's beautiful residence of Mount Edgcumbe, on the western shore of Plymouth Sound.

On the Wednesday the Prince, with Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Suffield, Major-General Lyons, and Colonel Stanley Clarke, went by railway to Falmouth. He was received at the station by the Mayor of Falmouth, Mr. R. Carter, and the High Sheriff of Cornwall, Mr. Digby Collins. An address of welcome from the inhabitants of the county was presented by the High Sheriff. His Royal Highness lunched at the Falmouth Hotel, and drove in a carriage through the town. A large number of people assembled on the Moor, where the Prince received from the Mayor and Town Clerk an address of the Corporation and Local Board. He then went up Killigrew-hill to the site of the intended new church of All Saints, and was there met by the Bishop of Truro, the Rev. B. Christopherson, Rector of Falmouth, Archdeacon Phillpotts, Canon Cornish, and other clergy. A short consecration service was performed, and the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the church in the customary formal manner. His Royal Highness stayed the night at Kerrisvean, the seat of Mr. G. Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P. The streets of Falmouth and the vessels in the harbour were illuminated; and there was a torchlight procession of boats, with a display of fireworks. Our Illustrations show the "Firemen's Arch" and the front of the Conservative Working Men's Club.

The opening and consecrating services in the new cathedral of Truro, of which building we have given several Illustrations, took place on the Thursday. The Prince of Wales came by train from Falmouth, and was presented with an address by the Mayor and Corporation of Truro. He then went to the Cathedral, where the clergy, including the Archbishop and many Bishops, stood awaiting his arrival in the covered entrance. The prelates were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Truro, Winchester, London, Bangor, Bath and Wells, St. Asaph, Lichfield, Newcastle, Rochester, Southwell, Exeter, Salisbury, Ely, Colchester, Nottingham, Bedford, Aberdeen, Argyll, Trinidad, Jerusalem, and Bishop Mitchinson. A procession was formed, and, after a sentence from the Litany and a collect, the choir sang, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!" to which other singers inside the building answered, "Who is the King of Glory?" The Bishop of Truro having replied, "The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory," took his pastoral staff in his right hand, and knocked on the west door, saying, "Open ye the gates." The door was thrown open, and the Bishop, entering solemnly, said, "Peace be to this house." The Archbishop, before whom one bore his crozier, the other prelates, and the Prince, attended by his equerries, and the Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, proceeded to a place under the lantern. The Lord Lieutenant presenting to the Bishop the petition for consecration, the Right Rev. Prelate replied, "I am ready to do as you desire, and I pray God to bless and prosper this your work." The choir and clergy filed in two and two to their seats, and the dignitaries, with the Prince of Wales in the place of honour, moved up the church towards the east, the 24th Psalm, "The earth is the Lord's," being sung meanwhile. The Prince, on arriving at the entrance to the sacraum, knelt at a fald-stool facing the altar. The Bishop read the prayer for the Queen, after which a series of prayers was chanted. The diocesan then uttered a special prayer for a blessing on "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall." The "Audi, veni, Creator Spiritus" was sung, all kneeling. At the conclusion of this hymn, his Royal Highness retired to his seat next to the Bishop's throne on the south side of the sacraum. The Bishop of Truro went to the Communion-table, and the Lord Lieutenant presented to him the instrument of donation. Laying the parchment on the table and turning to the people the Bishop declared that building to be set apart for Divine worship, and concluded by offering a prayer of dedication. Next, his Lordship, accompanied by his chaplains, perambulated the sacred edifice, and separately dedicated the font, the pulpit, the place of marriage (the steps leading into the choir from the lantern), the place of confirmation (the steps of the sacraum), the holy table; then, turning to the west, with his hand pointed towards heaven, he said in a loud voice—"Behold a ladder set on the earth and the top of it reaching to heaven," &c. The Archbishop of Canterbury offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the cathedral. The Chancellor of the Diocese (Archdeacon Phillpotts) read the sentence of consecration, which the Bishop first and afterwards the Prince of Wales signed. The hymn "Holy, holy, holy," was then sung, and the Bishop commenced the Communion service. A special collect was used instead of the one appointed for the day. The Epistles were read by the Bishops of Winchester and London. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The sermon ended, the offertory was collected, and the alms duly offered, after which the ornaments and sacred vessels were presented and placed on the holy table, which the Bishop dedicated and consecrated. The Communion service was then performed, the celebrant being the Bishop of Truro, assisted by the Archbishop, and the Bishops of Exeter and London. After the service the Prince, the Archbishop and Bishops, and others went to the public rooms for luncheon. The Earl of Mount Edgecumbe presided, and two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen were at the table. The health of the Prince was drunk, and his Royal Highness returned thanks in a suitable speech. Leaving Truro with Earl and Countess St. Germans, the Prince and Lord Mount Edgecumbe were their guests for one night at Port Eliot, Lord St. Germans' seat, on the Cornish side of the Tamar, not far from Devonport.

Next day, accompanied by his noble hosts, the Prince went over to Devonport, received an address from the Corporation of that town, presented by the Mayor, Mr. J. W. Ryder, and drove to the Raglan Barracks. The 2nd Battalion, six hundred strong, of the Duke of Cornwall's Regiment of Light Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Grieve, paraded in the barrack-square, and saluted his Royal Highness. He wore the uniform of honorary Colonel of that regiment. The military spectacle was rather spoilt by a heavy shower of rain. The ceremony to be performed was the presentation of new colours. The old colours, which were carried by this regiment in the Crimea, in Egypt, and in the Nile Expedition, were "trooped" and borne, with an escort of fifty men, between the ranks, and from the front to the rear, the band playing the Grenadier Slow March and "Auld Lang Syne." The new colours, cased, were then

brought up in front of the dais where the Prince of Wales stood. The Colonel, Majors, and other officers took their places to the right and left of the colours. The clergy, the Rev. J. W. Collins and the Rev. F. G. Wright, Army chaplains, offered a prayer of consecration, and the choir-boys sang a hymn. Major Roebuck handed, first, the Queen's colour, afterwards the regimental colour, to his Royal Highness, who presented them, respectively, to Lieutenant Morris and Lieutenant Newbury. These officers, kneeling, received the colours. The Prince made a brief speech, commanding the regiment for its past distinguished services and its present condition. The Colonel replied; and the troops, advancing in review order, gave a Royal salute. The Prince lunched with the officers at the Raglan Barracks, and returned to London that afternoon, taking leave of the Mayor of Plymouth, at the North-road station, on his departure by the railway-train. A grand ball was given at Plymouth Guildhall at the termination of the Royal visit.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

SECOND NOTICE.

Westminster Review.—The Gladstonian political writer draws an unfavourable picture of Lord Hartington's present position. A review of M. Uzanne's "Frenchwoman of the Century" gives prominence to anecdotes that might be amusing, if they were not signs of unbecoming laxity of morals and manners. "The Progress of the Masses" is a statistical estimate of the improved social condition of the English labouring classes. The centenary of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" recalls the way in which that opera was produced at Prague in 1787. Those who pay any regard to the propositions of Mr. Henry George may learn something of "The Land Question in America." There is a review of Mr. Cabot's new biography of Emerson, and one of Dr. J. H. Ingram's history of the Irish Union.

Gentleman's Magazine.—An Irish love-story, with a tragical fate, indeed, for Sylvester Magrath, the victim of misplaced affections, is contributed by Mr. Denis Desmond. Mr. J. A. Farrer gives an interesting account of the mystic worship of Mithra, possibly an offshoot of Zoroastrian monotheism, which spread widely in Europe under the Roman Empire. The Arthurian and other romantic legends of Tintagel are recited by the Hon. Roden Noel. Mrs. Holroyd's report of "Two Experiments" in providing quiet rational recreation for men and women of the working classes, at the Marylebone Hall and Club, under the direction of Miss Toynbee, is worthy of approving notice. The record of Coleridge's employment on the *Morning Post* and *Courier*, furnished by Mr. Fox Bourne, helps to illustrate the habits of that remarkable man. Mr. E. Walford pleasantly describes the village of Ewelme, near the Chiltern Hills, and the monuments of the Chaucer family.

Magazine of Art.—The yearly volume exhibits a new feature—the publication with every monthly part of a photogravure or steel plate, among which are an etching of Mr. Van Haanen's popular "Bead Stringers," an engraving of Mr. A. Moore's "Dreamers," and a photogravure of "Pandora's Box," by M. Gustave Jacquet. Each monthly number of this magazine has been already mentioned. This month, Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes an article on Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., with examples of that painter's work; an etching of his picture "Fleeced" forms the frontispiece. Students of antique costumes will be interested in the papers on "A Charles II. Military Coat," by Mr. Richard Heath, with illustrations and diagrams of the dress of the seventeenth century. The article on Exmoor by Mr. John Fortescue is worthy of the attention of all lovers of that delightful locality.

Art Journal.—Mr. W. J. Loftie describes the Guildhall of the City of London, with sketches of that historic building where, among others, Lady Jane Grey and Archbishop Cranmer were sentenced to death. Some of our artists should read with attention Mr. Lewis Day's paper on "Unavailable Art," though, perhaps, he insists a little too strongly on painting being regarded as a decorative medium. A photogravure of M. J. L. Gérôme's "Consulting the Oracle" forms the frontispiece to this month's publication.

Belgravia.—Mr. Clark Russell's "Frozen Pirate," who has been thawed and brought to life again, gets out of the ice, but is no longer troublesome, being now a decrepid and imbecile creature, a hundred and three years old. "We Villains" is an amusing piece of burlesque, in parody of a certain kind of novel. The little story of "A Comedieta" should be all farce, but ends with a sudden death from heart-disease. "The Stroke of Five" is a thrilling tale of fearful hours passed with a dangerous madman. Clumsy gentlemen of sedentary habits who take to the bicycle too late in life may be warned by the confessions of Mr. Briggs. The other stories are "Dear Cousin Henry," "An Odd Journey," and "Blue Blood."

London Society.—The title of Mrs. Edward Kennard's new story is "A Crack County," and foxhunters are the leading figures: the members of the Morley Anstead Hunt, such an exclusive set that they are called "The Mutual Adoration"; but the master is Lord Littlebrane, who thinks of taking a wife. Mrs. Alexander's tale, "A Life Interest," is drawing to a close; "At a Month's End," by Bertha Thomas, is finished. "Unforgiven"—a man haunted by the ghost of a girl to whom he had broken faith—and "Should I have Spoken?"—the case of one who had a premonitory vision of a maniac perpetrating a murder, are grim and gloomy stories.

Temple Bar.—Mrs. Parr continues her "Loyalty George," that title being the name of a girl in the neighbourhood of a naval seaport. "In an Old Château," by Mrs. H. K. Clifford, is sad and touching. Historical romance is indulged with a memoir of Lochiel, the fighting Highland chieftain, and with a story of the French police under Louis XV. A Californian adventure, called "Memory Sam," a Dialogue of ladies' fashionable life, adapted from the French and fitted to the ways of the London season, and two brief passages in the history of "Little Wasp," who is a young American lady, are followed by the conclusion of Mr. Coleman's "Nellida." She was the Russian Princess who joined the dynamite conspirators, and, having betrayed them, was put to death.

The Woman's World.—This magazine is an improved and enlarged series of the *Lady's World*; it is edited by Mr. Oscar Wilde, and published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited. The first number is admirable. Its literary contents are Lady Archibald Campbell's explanation of the true artistic ideas and principles on which she, with the aid of the late Mr. Godwin and others, designed and produced, in three past summers, the memorable open-air performances of the Pastoral Plays in the woodland park at Coombe; a beautifully-written description, by Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray) of a visit to the home of Madame De Chantal, the grandmother of Madame De Sevigné, and the saintly founder of many institutions of piety and charity, at Annecy, in Savoy; a grateful and pleasant record, by Mrs. Bancroft, of her happy holidays at Pontresina; some notes on the Oxford college-life of girls, at Lady Margaret's Hall and Somerville Hall; an essay, by Lady Portsmouth, on the position of women in modern society; Mr. Jeune's report of progress of several London institutions for the benefit of girls and children; and contributions by George Fleming, Violet Fane, and other acceptable writers,

with literary criticism and a commentary on the fashions of ladies' dress. The pages are of noble proportions and finely printed, and the wood-engravings are worthy of the text.

Atalanta.—Young ladies have every reason to be pleased with their entertainment in this bright new periodical, conducted by L. T. Meade and Alicia A. Leith, already successful editors and authors. Mrs. Hamilton King's poem on "Harebells," Mrs. Molesworth's story of "Neighbours," Mr. Rider Haggard's "Tale of Three Lions," "The Tambourine Girl," by L. T. Meade, and an article on Millais, by Miss Helen Zimern, furnish agreeable reading. A letter from an English officer present at Waterloo, written a few days after the battle, is forwarded by Miss Sarah Tytler. One contributor discourses of frogs, another of fairies. Dr. Richard Garnett's paper on Coleridge is printed here with the proceedings of the "Atalanta Scholarship and Reading Union."

Harper's Monthly.—Santa Barbara, in Southern California, a winter health-resort in growing favour with Americans, is described and illustrated. Mr. Theodore Child, of Paris, supplies an excellent account of Chantilly, the recent gift of the Duc d'Aumale to the French nation. The astonishing recent progress of Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Republic is made the subject of an instructive article called "The Other End of the Hemisphere." "Here and There in the South" still keeps the reader in Louisiana, where Mr. Jefferson, the great comic actor of "Rip Van Winkle," has a home and a valuable estate. The stories of "April Hopes," by Mr. W. D. Howells; "A Man and Two Brothers," by Mr. G. P. Lathrop; and "Narka," a Russian story, have sufficient interest. The engravings, as usual, are of high quality.

The Century.—For those who take a strong interest in the political and historical experiences of the United States Republic, the contents of the *Century* are most rich in valuable materials of study. The authentic biography of President Lincoln, which appears here exclusively, is now brought down to the formation of the Southern Confederacy in the beginning of 1861, after his election, but before his taking office. The series of narratives, by distinguished military officers in both armies, of the battles of the Civil War, is terminated with a minute account of General Lee's surrender to General Grant, on April 9, 1865. A description of Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, loses none of its interest by these records of the later conflict. Madame Van Rensselaer comments on the last great work of Mr. St. Gaudens, the American sculptor, which is the colossal statue of Lincoln in the public park at Chicago. A series of articles on the political and social agitation in Russia is commenced by Mr. George Kennan, who has spent years of travel and toilsome personal inquiry in studying the subject. Further examples of "composite" photography, which contrives to get an accurate typical representation of the predominant characteristics among a number of persons' faces, such as a class of students at a college, are reproduced and noted. Mr. Edward Eggleston and Mr. G. W. Cable begin new stories.

Scribner's Magazine.—An exposition of Wagner's principles and methods of scenic effect on the Bayreuth operatic stage, with illustrations from the original sketches of the designs for the scenery and grouping, should be instructive as a lesson in theatrical art. The noble and salutary results of athletic exercises, now systematically practised at the Universities of Harvard and Yale, are exhibited by very fine photographs, with a scientific anatomical commentary, which patrons of pure gymnastics ought to study. There is an article on Kabylia, and one on the Norwegian Viking Ship, with a lively New York story.

The American Magazine.—This promising competitor with the other excellent American monthlies contains stories of literary merit, descriptions of Mount Tacoma in Oregon, of the iron-works district, "Cyclopia," in the State of Pennsylvania; an account of "the Grand Army of the Republic," which is an association of surviving veterans of the Civil War; "A Dancing Party in Virginia," and an explanation of the circumstances under which the western hemisphere, in 1507, received its name from Amerigo Vespucci.

The Theatre.—Mr. Clement Scott's investigation of the time and place of Miss Ellen Terry's first appearance on the stage, Miss Kate Venning's criticism of the emotional school of Parisian actresses, Mr. R. K. Hervey's remarks on stage management, and Mr. W. H. Hudson's historical notes on the introduction of female performers, with several tolerable pieces of verse, accompany the monthly chronicle of theatrical affairs.

Princess Christian opened on Tuesday afternoon a chrysanthemum and autumn fruit show at the Albert Institute, Windsor, and presented the awards to the successful exhibitors.

Sir Charles Warren has issued a notice that no more public meetings will be allowed to be held, nor speeches to be delivered, in Trafalgar-square. There was some speaking on Tuesday, and several arrests were made.

On Monday the foundation-stone of the new infectious hospital for the Warwick Joint Hospital Board was laid by the Mayor of Leamington, at Heathcote. The site, which cost £1200, contains six acres, and nearly £7000 will be spent on the building, in which there will be ample room in the event of any epidemic occurring. The hospital provides for the boroughs of Leamington and Warwick and the urban districts of Lillington, Milverton, and Kenilworth.

To "let loose the dogs of war" will be no longer a mere figure of speech, if it be true, as we hear, that experiments are to be made by the Austrian War Office, with the view of using dogs for military purposes. They have been employed with advantage for some time past in Bosnia and the Herzegovina. They accompany "flying columns" in the mountainous regions of the occupied provinces, and do excellent service on sentinel and patrol duty.

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NOVEMBER



LEIGHTON BROS.

A PROPERTY STUDY.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

NOVEMBER 12, 1887.



LEIGHTON BROS

THE FAVORITE.

"Inquiries often reach us as to the best place to buy Furs. We can recommend our readers to the International Fur Store, 163, Regent-street, where a choice selection of Seal Paletots, Capes, Fur Sets, Muffs, Bags, and Hats may be seen, all articles being marked in plain figures. Furs on approval sent to any part of the country, on receipt of reference."—*The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper.*



HANDSOME FURS.—"The International Fur Store, 163, Regent-street, London, England, of which Mr. T. S. Jay is manager, have now ready one of the choicest stocks of fine Furs in the world, and from their special facilities are enabled to offer extra inducements to persons desiring these garments. The goods now made up are in new and beautiful designs, and consist of Sealskin Jackets, Coats, and Dolmans of selected skins, the perfection of colour, and all of artistic finish. . . . Their fur-lined coats for gentlemen are not equalled in the world. In addition, they manufacture fur gloves for ladies and gentlemen, fur capes, and fur boas, in fact, every garment in the fur line."—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

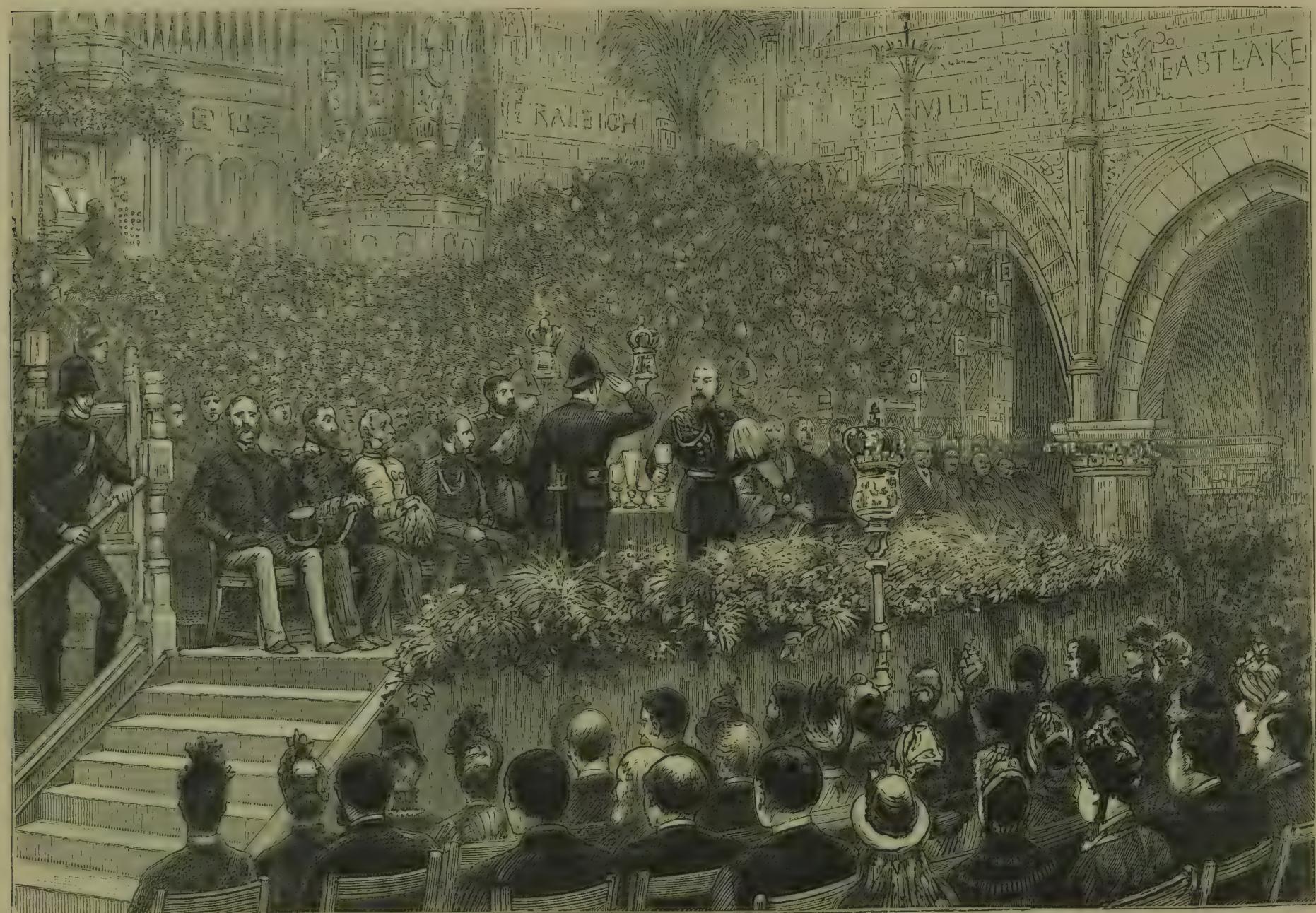
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN DEVON AND CORNWALL.



ARRIVAL AT THE GUILDHALL, PLYMOUTH.



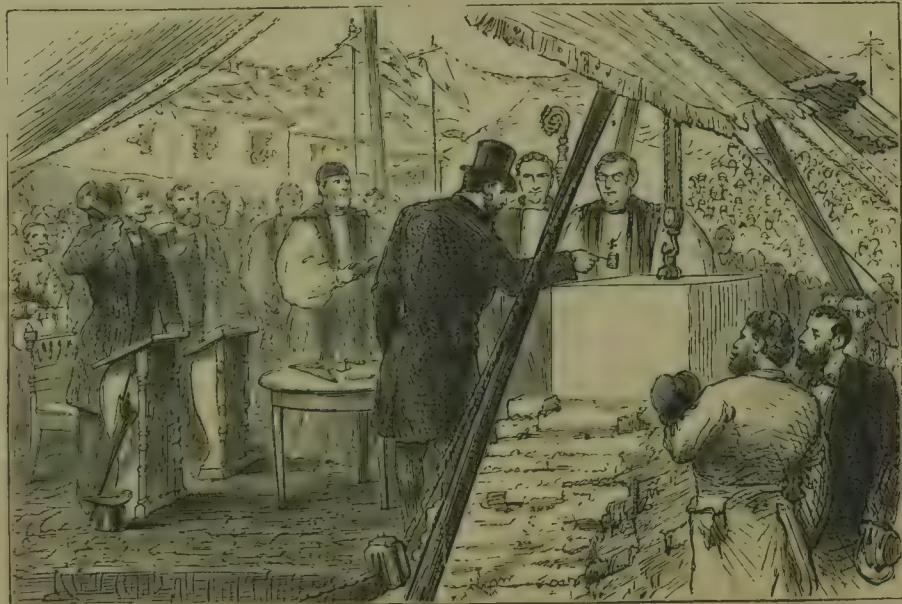
THEATRE AND ROYAL HOTEL, PLYMOUTH.



PRESENTING PRIZES TO THE 2ND (PRINCE OF WALES'S) VOLUNTEER BATTALION, DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT, AT PLYMOUTH.



FIREMEN'S ARCH, FALMOUTH.



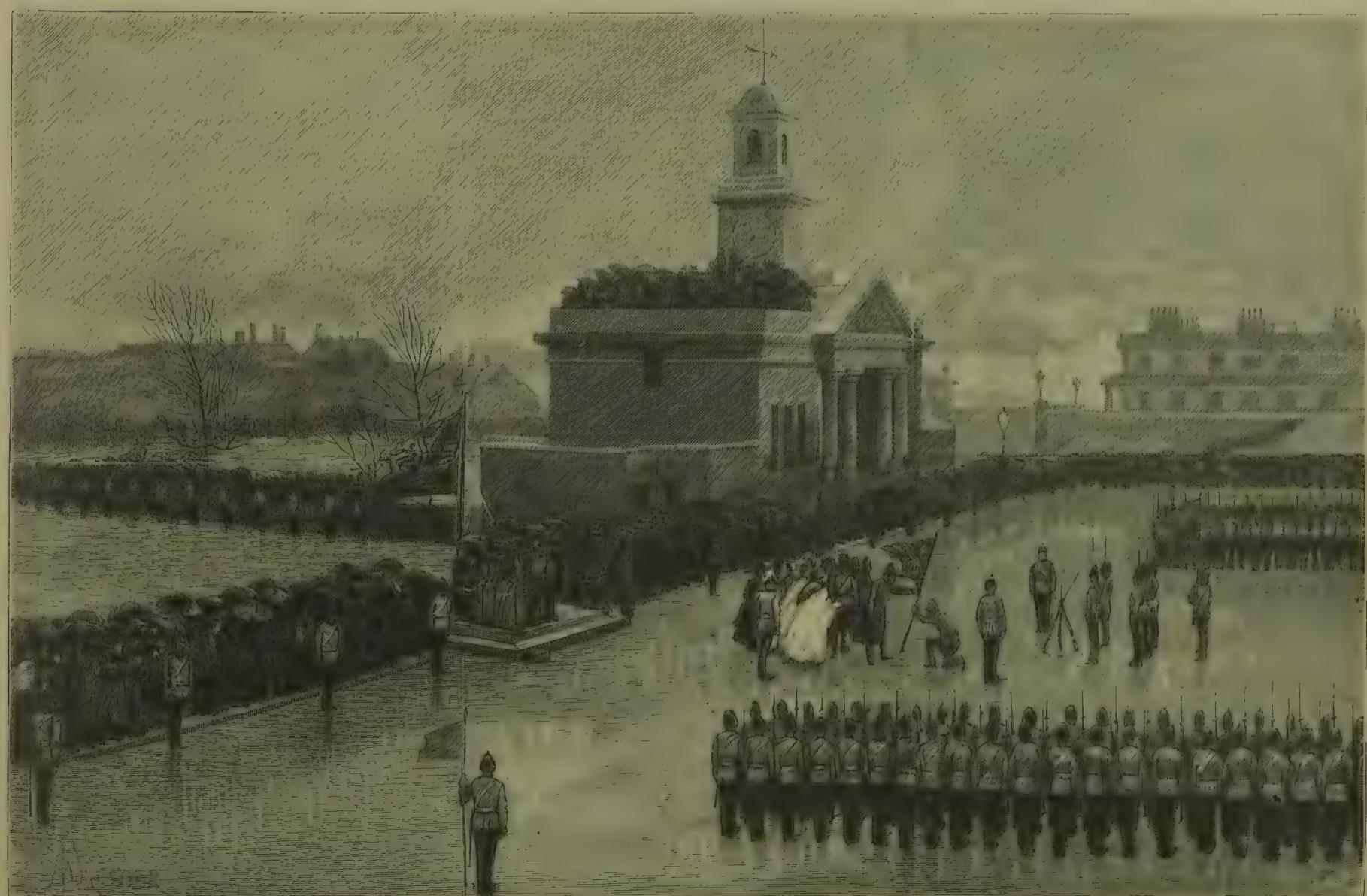
LAYING FOUNDATION-STONE OF NEW CHURCH AT FALMOUTH.

ARCH AT THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB,
FALMOUTH.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN DEVON AND CORNWALL.



CONSECRATION OF TRURO CATHEDRAL.



PRESENTING COLOURS AT RAGLAN BARRACKS, DEVONPORT, TO THE 2ND BATTALION (DUKE OF CORNWALL'S) LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Another horrible murder, connected with the agrarian conspiracy in Ireland, was perpetrated last Tuesday morning, near the village of Ardfert, in North Kerry, and five miles from Tralee. Patrick Quirke, an old man of seventy-five, had taken, at a reduced rent, a farm which he managed for his daughter and his son-in-law, William Kirby, who had gone to America; the farm having formerly been occupied by Kirby's father, since deceased, and the old tenancy having been ended by non-payment of rent. This transaction offended the local branch League; so the Moonlighters, at four o'clock in the morning, broke into the house, shot the poor old man twice, in the presence of his wife, shattering his legs and thighs, and he died in two or three hours.

Our Special Artist in Ireland furnishes Sketches of the scenes at the posting of a Government proclamation, in the county of Clare, under the protection of armed police; and the interruption of a prohibited National League meeting, in North Kerry, by the entrance of police officers. A similar meeting was dispersed at Tulla, in Clare, on Sunday last.

We have received a communication from the committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, in which they state that they feel they have no alternative but to make an urgent appeal to the British public for funds to enable them to replace a considerable number of their 291 life-boats now on the coast by boats of the newest type and possessing the latest

MARRIAGE.

On the 5th inst., at St. Michael's Church, Chester-square, by the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., Canon of York, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, Matthew Blayney Smith Dodsworth, second son of the late Sir Matthew Dodsworth, Bart., of Thornton Hall, Yorkshire, to Agnes Eliza, only daughter of Mrs. John Crowder, of Chester-square, and of the late John Crowder, Esq.

DEATHS.

On the 3rd inst., at Penrhyn, Westgate-on-Sea, May, the wife of Carleton V. Blyth, aged thirty-three.

On the 1st inst., at 10, Pembroke-road, Kensington, John George Welr, B.A., Brasenose College, Oxford, aged eighty-two, formerly Captain of the 29th (Worcestershire) and 59th (Lancashire) Regiments, and first-class Certificated Officer of the Senior Department, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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A Train in the Evening can run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station) by the 8.45 p.m. Train. Special Cabin Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., also a Cabin for the ten First Class, or other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

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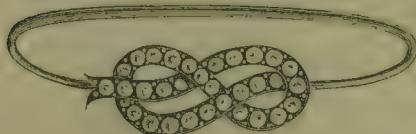
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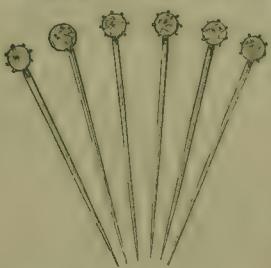
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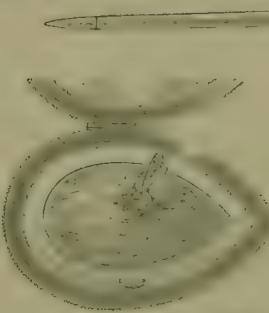
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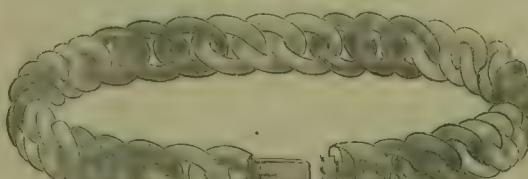
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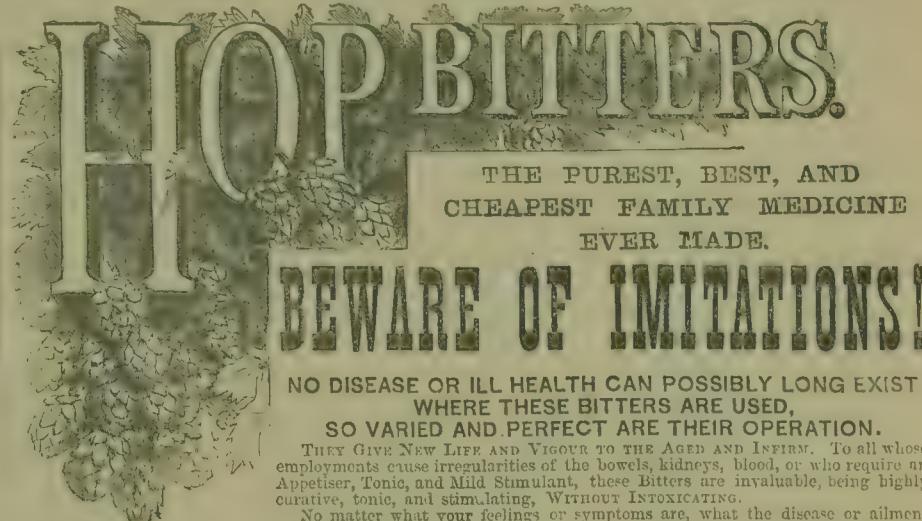
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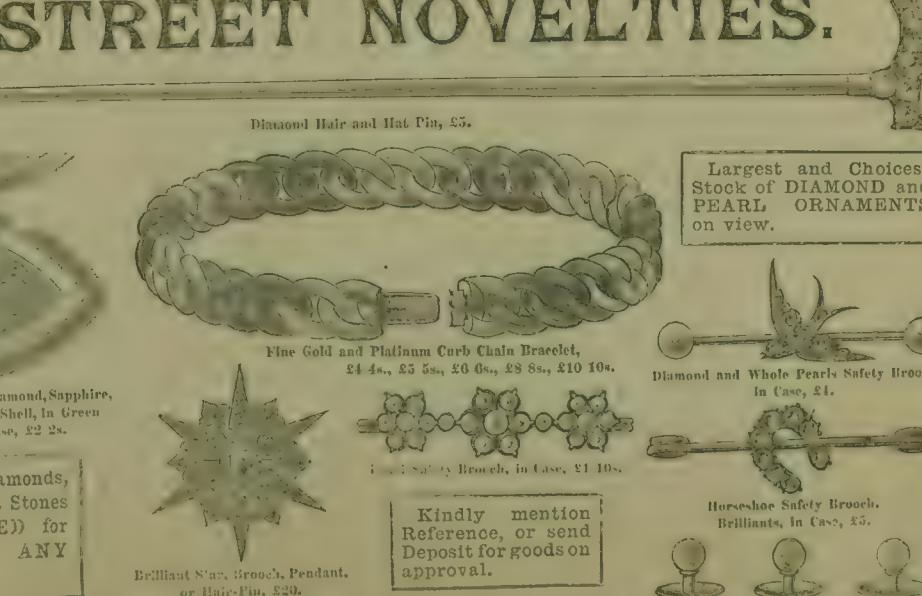
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OH, WILT THOU HAVE MY HAND?—HARTOG.

Sung by Miss Mary Davies.

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BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

SISTER AND BROTHER.

For a fortnight after Phœbe reached the haven of love in Camden Town she lay between life and death. It was only when she felt herself out of danger that her strength gave way. The strain of the last few months in Parksides produced a dangerous illness, and for many days her life was despaired of. How tenderly was she nursed! What treasures of love surrounded her! She was not left alone a minute by day and night. Now it was Aunt Leth who watched by her bedside, now it was Fanny, now it was Uncle Leth. In some dim way she was conscious of this spiritual comfort, and it helped her recovery. On the twelfth day the doctors proclaimed her to be out of danger.

The Lethbridges could ill afford the expenses of her sickness. There was the regular family doctor to be paid; there were the fees of the celebrated physician who was called in, and who came in a carriage and pair, with two footmen; there were the prescribed delicacies to be provided for. It was all done cheerfully and with full-hearted affection. Sacrifices were made; money was raised upon such small articles of jewellery as they possessed, even Uncle Leth's old-fashioned watch went, and not a murmur passed their lips, not a regretful thought at the loss of these treasures crossed their minds. They had but one hope, but one desire—that they might succeed in saving their beloved girl. It was granted them, and she sat in a dressing-gown in the dear little parlour, the very walls of which were sanctified in her eyes.

They did not dare to speak to her of her father, nor did she refer to him; but it needed no words from her to make them understand the cruel torture and oppression which, prolonged for a few weeks longer, would have brought death or madness to her. When she was convalescent her actions were pitiful; she clung to them, her hands were for ever seeking theirs, her eyes constantly travelled to the dear ones who were ministering to her, and whose eyes never rested on her pale face without a tender, cheery smile.

Fred Cornwall came daily, morning and evening, with flowers and jellies and things which it was not possible for her to eat. He had not been allowed to see her yet; but he always left his constant love for his dear girl, and messages which it would have occupied an hour to deliver. When Phœbe was sensible and strong enough, these messages, in a reasonable form, were conveyed to her, and her relatives were surprised at the grave pleasure with which she received them. The heavenly delight which fills a young girl's heart when, in a time of bitter trouble, she is assured that her lover is true to her was not expressed in her face. Pleasure she felt; but it was a thoughtful pleasure in which there seemed to be an element of pain.

"He is true to you! he is true to you!" whispered Fanny to her. "Oh! you should see him, Phœbe. Except my dear father, there is not a better man in the whole wide world."

"I am sure," said Phœbe quietly, "that Mr. Cornwall is a good man, and my earnest hope is that he will be happy."

"Phœbe!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Not Mr. Cornwall—Fred; your own dear Fred!" Phœbe did not reply, and Fanny continued: "He is certain to be happy, with you!"

And still Phœbe made no reply. Fanny was greatly disturbed, and she told her mother privately that she was convinced there was something on Phœbe's mind with respect to Fred.

"Do not worry her or argue with her," Aunt Leth said. "Remember the sufferings she has endured, and leave it to herself to confide in us. Time will bring happiness to her bruised heart."

"Ask her to see Fred, mamma."

"She will see him this evening, my dear; she told me so, and I have written a note to him desiring him to come early."

"Then everything will be right," said Fanny. "Mamma, is it not strange that we do not hear from her father? He must know that Phœbe is with us."

"He does know, Fanny. I wrote to him, but I have not received a reply."

"I am glad of it. Phœbe is now entirely ours, and will live with us all her life—that is, till she marries Fred."

Fred Cornwall arrived early in the afternoon, and Aunt Leth opened the door for him.

"She will see me, Aunt Leth!" he said eagerly.

"Yes, Fred. She wishes to see you alone. You must be very gentle and quiet with her."

"Indeed I will be that. Here is some jelly, the kind she likes best."

"Thank you, Fred. Wait a moment in the dining-room. Fanny is with her, and I must call her away."

Presently Fred Cornwall entered the room in which Phœbe was sitting. She looked at him gratefully and tenderly; an angelic spirit of resolution was depicted in her face.

"Phœbe, my darling Phœbe!" he murmured, as he sat by her side and took her hand; and then he was overcome by her delicate, fragile appearance, and it was as much as he could do to prevent the tears running down his face.

She gently disengaged her hand.

"Why do you take your hand away, Phœbe? Let me hold it. Give it to me of your own free will."

"No, Mr. Cornwall," she said, in a low, sweet tone. "I cannot—I must not."

Again "Mr. Cornwall"! He looked at her reproachfully.

"Do you no longer love me, Phœbe, that you are so changed towards me?"

She was compelled to pause before she could answer him.

"You must not ask me to reply to that question," she then said—"for pity's sake!"

"I must ask you," he said impetuously. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Phœbe! Aunt Leth enjoined upon me to be gentle with you, and here am I forgetting! But Phœbe, dear Phœbe—consider! I implore you to consider! You gave me your heart, as I have given you mine. Have I done anything to forfeit your love?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Why, then, are you so strange to me? Why have you altered so?"

"I am not altered to you," she said.

"Then you love me still!" he cried.

"Will you listen to me?" she asked. "I have been trying to strengthen myself for this meeting, and you must not

weaken me. No, do not kiss me! There is something that must be told—that you must hear!"

"I will listen to you, my darling—mine, and no other man's. You do not love another, Phœbe?"

"No, Fred." She was not aware that she had uttered the dear name.

"I am happy," he said. "Go on, my dear."

Then she told him of the oath her father had extracted from her that she would not marry without his consent, and said that, with that oath upon her conscience, she could not expect Fred to be bound to her.

"To receive you as my lover," she said, "would be, to my mind, as if I were spiritually breaking the oath I have sworn. It would make me feel guilty—it would lower me in my own esteem—it would be paltering with my conscience."

"When you took the oath, Phœbe," said Fred Cornwall, immensely relieved, but at the same time perplexed, by the revelation, "you were not aware what you were binding yourself to?"

"I was not aware of it," she said. "My father spoke so kindly to me, and seemed to regard you with such favour, that I thought he intended to sanction our engagement. But he may not have known what was in my mind, as assuredly I did not know what was in his. It is not for me to say, and you must not press me. I am striving to do what is right. Help me to do it! I am bound by my oath. Without my father's consent I cannot marry you, he will never give it, and while he lives we can be nothing to each other. I have thought of it—oh! so seriously—and I have decided in what I believe to be the right way. If in the future I am ever in your mind, I wish you to think of me with respect."

"Through all the future that is before me," said Fred, "you will be ever in my mind, and I shall ever think of you with respect. If my love needed strengthening, what you have said would strengthen it; but it can never be stronger, more devoted, more complete than it is; nothing can make it so, and nothing can weaken it. Give me your hand, Phœbe." She looked at him pleadingly. "Give me your hand, Phœbe." She gave it to him. "I swear to you solemnly, on my honour as a man, on my faith as a Christian, that I will never marry another woman. May misfortune pursue and overtake me quickly if I ever prove false to the love I have given you! Have you anything to say to me, Phœbe?"

She understood him. He had given her a solemn pledge. He had a right to a similar pledge from her.

"If I do not marry you," she said, "I will never marry. Though we may be parted for life, I will be true to the love I have given you. And, now—"she held out her arms imploringly—"strengthen me, Fred!"

He rose, and stood apart from her, with his face averted. Presently he resumed his seat by her side.

"Until a happier day arrives," he said, taking her unresisting hand, "we will not meet as lovers. We are brother and sister. Kiss me, Phœbe."

She kissed him, and he kissed her. Thus the faithful compact was made.

Before the week was at an end, Fred wrote the following letter to Miser Farebrother:

"Sir,—Your daughter has told me of the oath she took that she will never marry without your consent. She feels herself bound by this oath, and will adhere to it. Thus, while you live, a life of unhappiness is before her, if you refuse to give

(Continued on page 573.)

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your consent to our union. She loves me, and I love her with a most perfect love. We have pledged ourselves anew to each other, but are both clear upon the point that we cannot be wed without your sanction. I ask, I implore, you to give it. I am not a rich man; but I have a good position, and the prospect of a prosperous future is before me. My family is a family of standing, and is honoured and respected. If you will permit me, I will send you credentials of my character, with which you cannot fail to be satisfied. Into my union with your daughter the question of money does not enter. We shall be satisfied to work our way without help from you in a money shape, either now or hereafter. To this I am prepared to bind myself by written document; and all that a man can do to make the woman he loves happy, that I will do to the utmost extent of my power. Respectfully and humbly, I beg of you to release your daughter from her oath, and to bestow upon her a happiness for which she and I will be ever grateful. I remain, Sir, faithfully and obediently yours,

FREDERICK CORNWALL.

The letter was dispatched, and day after day Fred looked eagerly for an answer to it. But none came.

There arrived, however, at Aunt Leth's house a paper for Phoebe, in her father's writing. It was not signed, nor was she addressed in it by name. This was its purport:

"I have received from a certain Mr. Frederick Cornwall a letter in which he asks me to release you from a solemn oath you voluntarily took, and to give my consent to your marriage with him. This I will never do, nor will I ever release you from your oath! In that oath was comprised a daughter's duty to her father—a duty you have wilfully and systematically neglected and failed to perform. Your guilty desires can only be accomplished by my death. When you are prepared to obey me in the one wish of my life, you can come to me—not until then!"

CHAPTER XLII.

JEREMIAH IN TRIBULATION.

Jeremiah Pamflett, owing the bookmaker with whom he made his bets at Doncaster over three thousand pounds, very soon made the disagreeable discovery that Captain Ablewhite had played him false. He had made no arrangement with the bookmaker to give Jeremiah time to settle, and Jeremiah himself personally was compelled to arrange with the man to whom he owed so large an amount of money. He found it no easy task. The bookmaker bullied and blustered and threatened exposure, and the result was that Jeremiah had to part not only with acceptances of his own by which he was bound to pay sums at stated periods, but also with all the securities he held on his own account from persons with whom he had had private business. Among these acceptances was Mr. Lethbridge's for three hundred pounds, which Jeremiah had discounted for Kiss and the dramatic author, and which in a very short time would be due.

The terror of this acceptance weighed most heavily upon Uncle Leth. As the day approached upon which it was necessary it should be paid, his terror increased to an almost unbearable pitch. He had written to Jeremiah Pamflett asking for renewal, and the answer he received was to the effect that the acceptance was in the hands of another person, and that it would have to be paid on the day of maturity. The reason of Uncle Leth writing this letter to Jeremiah was that in interviews with Kiss and Mr. Linton they mournfully declared their inability to raise the smallest sum to help Uncle Leth in his difficulty. They were overwhelmed with self-reproaches, but this did not help Uncle Leth in his difficulty, nor stave off impending ruin. Uncle Leth had succeeded in discovering the name of the man who held the bill; he had appealed to him in vain for renewal. "The acceptance will have to be met," said the bookmaker; "if it is not, I shall sell you up. I have ascertained that you hold a responsible position in a bank. Ask the manager to advance you the money if you happen to be short yourself."

To ask the bank manager to assist him in paying an acceptance held by a racing man would be to ask for his dismissal. It would be tantamount to a confession that he had been indulging in that worst of vices—betting on horses.

Uncle Leth had confided to his wife, and she, although she strove to comfort him, was terrified at the prospect. She had thought of Fred Cornwall, but she knew, from the young man's own indirect admissions, that he was not in a position to assist them. He knew nothing of the acceptance, and, therefore, could make no reference to it in his confidences with Aunt Leth. "It is an uphill fight," he had said cheerfully to her, "but I shall come out a victor in the end. At present, dear Aunt Leth, it is a tight fit." After this, how could she make an appeal to him to help them out of their trouble? Meanwhile the day was approaching nearer and nearer.

It was Tuesday. On Wednesday, the following day, the acceptance was due, and Uncle Leth would have to meet it or go to the wall. The dear old home would be sold up, and they would be turned into the streets. The tears that ran down Aunt Leth's face were like tears of blood from her heart.

On this Tuesday it was that consternation seized upon Jeremiah Pamflett and furious anger raged in Miser Farebrother's heart. The cause of these emotions was a newspaper article, which is here transcribed. It was headed,

"A STRANGE AFFAIR.—THE BITERS BIT."

"A singular discovery has just come to light, and is in the hands of the police. Everybody is acquainted with the name of the wealthy miner from California, Mr. Quinlan, whose income is said to be not less than half a million a year. His name and his doings have been for a long time past in everybody's mouth. He is of humble origin, and his eccentricities may be accounted for by the fact of his having come into a marvellous fortune, the spending of the income of which would be a tax upon the ablest man in creation. It may be remembered that his wife died a couple of years since, and that last year he contracted a second marriage with an indifferent actress, whose extravagances in her new position have drawn attention to her in every city she and her husband have visited. The finest horses, the finest equipages, the finest dresses, the finest diamonds, the finest everything, in short, that cost vast sums of money. There came to the ears of Mrs. Quinlan and her too-generous husband that a diamond bracelet of rare—nay, of fabulous, value was in the market. The stones were of a monstrous size and of the purest colour. The price asked for this bracelet was no less than sixty thousand pounds. The stones alone, if sold singly, were valued by experts at considerably more than thirty thousand. To obtain possession of an ornament so rare and costly was a natural desire on the part of Mrs. Quinlan, and to her husband was a bagatelle. What are sixty thousand pounds to a man upon whom money continues to roll in a manner so bewildering? The upshot of the negotiations was that the bracelet was purchased and paid for, and Mrs. Quinlan became the happy possessor.

About four weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Quinlan, with their retinue and treasures, arrived at the Langham Hotel, with the intention of stopping there for two or three days. But fate willed it otherwise. Mrs. Quinlan was taken ill, and was confined to her bed. So serious was her illness that she was a prisoner in her bed-room for more than three weeks. Mr.

Quinlan did not remain in attendance upon her the whole of this time. He had business which took him frequently to Paris and other places; consequently, for a greater part of the time during which his wife was suffering, he was an absentee.

"Among Mrs. Quinlan's serving-women was one of great attractions, who was a special favourite with her mistress. This young woman's name is Alice Frost. She had the entire confidence of her mistress, and, as events have proved, was unworthy of it. To her was intrusted, during Mrs. Quinlan's sickness, the charge of the lady's jewels, which were kept in a very substantial safe in Mrs. Quinlan's bed-room. It was often impressed upon Mrs. Quinlan that she was imprudent to carry so much valuable property about with her; but she disregarded these hints, and took her pleasures in her own way. One of these pleasures, in the course of her illness, was to have all her jewels and ornaments spread out before her on her bed, and to handle and gaze upon them. We hold that she was sensible in this, for what is the use of buried treasure? The servant who took these priceless gems from the safe for the inspection of her mistress was Alice Frost.

"Suddenly Alice Frost disappears. She is not discharged, she is not sick, she is not in disgrace; she simply disappears. Mrs. Quinlan, much distressed at the loss of so great a favourite, calls in a private detective. He listens to all that Mrs. Quinlan can impart to him, and when she has finished, remarks,

"She has run away."

"Impossible," says Mrs. Quinlan. "Why should she run away? Somebody has carried her off. She is very good-looking."

"Says the detective, 'She had charge of your jewellery?'

"To some extent," says Mrs. Quinlan. "But it is all kept in the safe there."

"Would you have any objection to our looking through it?" says the detective, "and seeing that nothing is missing?"

"No objection whatever," says Mrs. Quinlan.

"Whereupon the safe is unlocked, and the treasures laid forth. With one exception it is all correct. Nothing is missing but the wonderful diamond bracelet. That is gone."

"It accounts," remarked the detective, "for the disappearance of Alice Frost."

"Mrs. Quinlan fell back speechless, and when she recovered bade the detective track Alice Frost and the sixty-thousand-pounds bracelet."

"What has been discovered is this: Alice Frost disappeared one Friday night. Presumably the diamond bracelet also disappeared at the same time."

"What occurred in or about the Langham Hotel on that night which may afford a clue to the discovery of the robber or robbers?

"On that night the policeman on duty observed a man walking on the opposite side of the road for a space of a couple of hours. This man did nothing but walk slowly up and down, keeping as much as possible in the dark, and looking for some person he was waiting for. The policeman on duty passed him on three occasions; and, although the man endeavoured to avoid him, he obtained a good view of his features. He will be able to recognise the man."

"At half-past eleven a woman came out of the Langham, and went over to the man. The policeman on duty saw this movement, but is not sure that he will be able to identify the woman. Of the man he is sure.

"The woman spoke to the man behind his back. The man did not turn his face. She slipped a parcel into his hands, and walked rapidly away. Almost immediately the man was joined by another in an Inverness cape, and the two walked away together. The policeman on duty saw nothing more of them. From the manner in which they walked away together there is no doubt that they were intimately acquainted with each other—plainly, that they were confederates. So far, the policeman; now for the next evidence."

"As near as the cabman can remember, driver of a four-wheeler, it was within a few minutes of midnight that a man hailed him and bade him come along. They went a couple of hundred yards and took up a man in an Inverness cape. The man who hailed the driver gave him half-a-sovereign 'on account,' and directed him to drive along the Finchley-road. He did so, and observed while he was driving that the men inside the cab were lighting matches, which proves that they were examining something—probably the diamond bracelet. After driving about an hour he was called upon to stop, and before he had pulled up his horse the man in the Inverness cape jumped out of the cab and disappeared. Then he was directed to drive back to London, and he did so, stopping, by orders, in Portland-place. The man who hailed him first (now the only one remaining in the cab) alighted, and the cabman noticed that he had a parcel in his hand. Again, the diamond bracelet. The cabman asked for a few shillings more, reminding his fare that the half-sovereign given to him was 'on account.' The man said that he was well paid, and refused to part with anything further. The cabman began to argue with him, but the man did not stop; he ran off. The cabman's description of his fare tallies with that of the policeman on duty at the Langham Hotel. The cabman will be able to identify him."

"In some way which we are not at liberty to divulge, but in which we may say the good-looking Alice Frost is concerned, the disappearance of a blackleg going by the name of Captain Ablewhite bears upon the robbery. It is known that this Captain Ablewhite took the night train on the following Tuesday to Dover. Nothing further is at present discovered of him."

"Now comes the piquant feature in the robbery."

"To Mr. Quinlan, who arrived at the Langham Hotel after the discovery of the robbery, the detective narrated all the particulars of the affair. Mr. Quinlan laughed. His wife asked him what he was laughing at."

"My dear," he said to her, "the loss is not so great as you suppose. Your diamond bracelet is safe."

"Safe!" she cried.

"Here it is." He pulled it from his pocket. "The fact is, you would not be persuaded that it was imprudent to travel with so much valuable property about you, and I therefore took the precaution of having a bracelet made exactly like this. All the stones in the bracelet that is stolen are false."

"An agreeable contemplation for the robbers. The biters are bit."

"The affair is in the hands of the detectives in Scotland-yard, who are confident that they will be able to track the robbers."

This newspaper article it was that struck consternation to the heart of Jeremiah Pamflett. He turned hot and cold. First he was clammy; the next moment he broke out into a hot perspiration. He had been swindled, tricked, betrayed; he, a wretched, depraved thief, had fallen amongst thieves. He, the sharper, had been sharpened. Truly, the biter was bit.

What should he do? How was he to act in order to ensure his safety? The policeman who had been on duty at the Langham Hotel on that Friday night said that he could identify him. The cabman he had engaged said the same. If he had had a sufficient sum of money he would have flown the country, but he had been compelled on that day to make a payment to the bookmaker who held his acceptances for his

losses at Doncaster, and he had not enough left to pay his fare to the Continent. And what would be the use of his going there if he had? He could not live without money; he did not understand a word of any other language than English; and, then, he would be sure to be tracked and brought back. His flight would make it worse for him: it would be an admission of guilt. Should he stop and brave it out? Upon reflection he gained a little courage. He argued with himself, despite the policeman's and the cabman's declarations that they could identify him, that it was scarcely possible they could do so unless he betrayed himself. He had been at great trouble to conceal his features from the policeman's scrutiny, and it only required him to put a good face on the matter to brazen it out; to so confuse the man, even if he came into contact with him, that he would pass unnoticed. But there was no occasion for him to come into contact with the policeman. He would keep out of the way, and the affair would blow over. Captain Ablewhite would not, could not, come back. The mere thought of Captain Ablewhite roused him to fury. He looked blindly round for something to strangle. If the bland, smiling Captain were before him now! If he could meet him in some dark place! All surrounding objects seemed to be swimming in blood.

He ran into his bed-room, and filling the wash-hand basin with cold water, plunged his head into it. The action recalled him to his calmer self. Notwithstanding which, he said aloud, with a cunning smile, "I may find you one day, my Captain, and then! and then!" He clenched his hand and opened it, and twined his fingers, as though he had them on Captain Ablewhite's throat.

But there was no telling whether he was in danger or not. What it was imperatively necessary he should get possession of at once was money, in order to be prepared. Where could he get it from? Ah, his mother!

He would go down to Parksides immediately. Perhaps he might find Miser Farebrother's hidden treasure.

He emerged into the streets. As he descended the stairs he saw before him a vision of blood. Two men struggled for life and death. The house was very quiet. Only he and the other man occupied space. He tore at the Shadow's throat, he took a knife from his pocket, he plunged it in!

Blood, blood everywhere!—above him, beneath him, around him. Again and again the knife descended. What a delight to punish an enemy so! You tricked me! you robbed me! you laid snares for me!—take that! and that! and that!—

He laughed aloud before he went into the street, and then he put on a snug face.

There were a number of persons walking this way and that, but not one took the slightest notice of him. He nodded to a passing acquaintance, who nodded back at him, and smiled. He was safe! What cause was there for fear?

In the sunlight the vision of blood vanished. He was face to face with the world, and his native cunning asserted itself.

Then he thought he was going down to Parksides to see his mother. He would have to see Miser Farebrother. He must have some excuse for the visit. He retraced his steps and went back to the office, arming himself with account-books, which he took up indiscriminately and made into a parcel, tying it up with string.

The string was red! Miser Farebrother's offices were very gloomy; the windows had been frosted, so that no person should see through; a strange silence prevailed.

As he tied the books together with the string, a streak of blood appeared, stretched itself along the table, and dropped, drip by drip, on the floor. Jeremiah held himself in suspense to listen to it. Drip, drip, drip!

Captain Ablewhite's blood!—the policeman's blood!—the cabman's blood!—anybody's blood who was his enemy!

Yes, he would crush the life out of them!—like this! like this! like this! He ground his foot into the floor, and looked down, smiling. Then, locking the doors and putting the keys into his pocket, he went slowly down the stairs.

How long a time was he getting to the street landing! There were not many stairs; but all the way down he was engaged in the life-and-death struggle, and all the space around was bathed in blood. A ruthless ferocity was awakened within him. His safety, his liberty, his very life was at stake. What mattered all else? "Every man for himself, and"

He paused at the next word, "God," against which he mentally strove, and, conquering it, cast a defiant look at the pulsing, bloody shadows which encompassed him, and threw the street-door open.

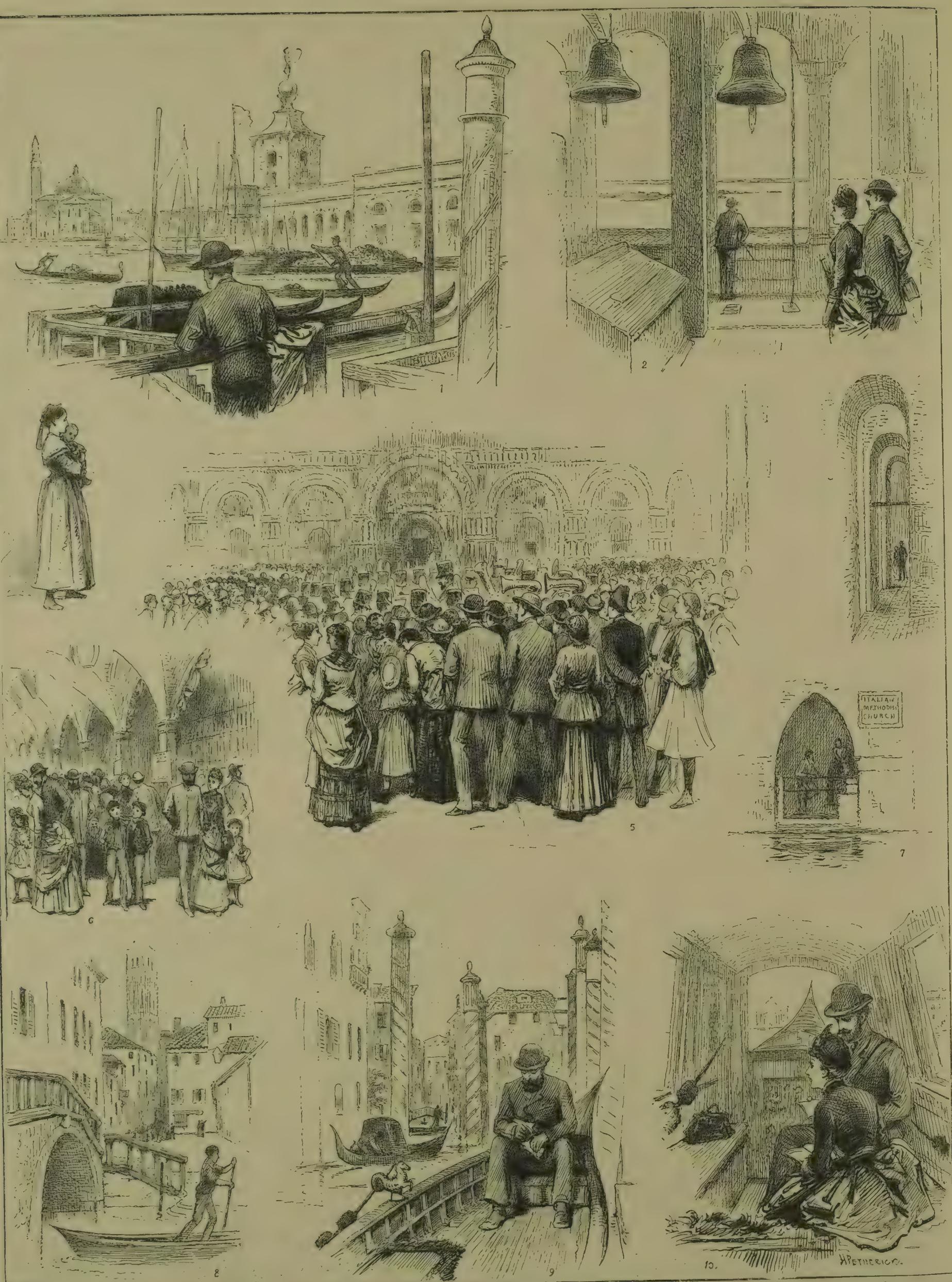
Once more in the sunlight—and safe! That was the great point—and safe! He called a cab, a four-wheeler, and looked the driver straight in the face; then laughed, and directed the man to drive him to the railway station.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES IN VENICE.

Twenty-one years ago, the Kingdom of Italy, which has fulfilled in this age the long-cherished aspirations of national patriotism, obtained possession of the famous ancient city on the Adriatic shore, hardly less renowned than Rome and Florence as a seat of Italian dignity and riches in past times, and a home of Italian genius in art. The long history of the Venetian Republic, which was established in the seventh century of the Christian era and terminated with the eighteenth century, showed comparatively little of the spirit of Italian nationality. The mercantile oligarchy, who ruled that singularly prudent and self-regarding Sovereign State, consistently applied their energies to acquire and retain a commercial monopoly and territorial possessions along the coasts of the eastern Mediterranean and among the Isles of Greece, while extending their possessions on the mainland to the Lake of Garda. But in the sixteenth century, when the prosperity of Venice was at its height, it afforded to the champions of intellectual freedom and of civil liberties a fortress of defence against the Papacy and the Inquisition, and against the political despotism fostered by the power of Spain, which rendered no small service to the world. The great masters of the Venetian school of painting, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and others, lived in the earlier part of that century, and their works remain among the chief glories of Italy; but the most characteristic specimens of Venetian architecture are of much older date.

Visitors who take time for a careful inspection of these marvels of Venice will not be disappointed. The feelings of curiosity and wonder at seeing what all have often heard of concerning the unique local situation of the city, may soon pass off. In the middle of a lagoon, about eight miles wide, protected from the open sea by long sandbank islands, between which are the straits of the Lido and Malamocco, lie three central islands covered with houses, palaces, churches, and other town buildings, and many small neighbouring isles form part of the city. Altogether they have a circumference of seven miles. The largest island is intersected by the winding Grand Canal, which is two miles long, with a double bend, having the bridge of the Rialto near the middle of its course. The banks of the Grand Canal, from the Rialto to its south-eastern outlet, are lined with noble palaces; but it is



1. Landing-place for gondolas.
2. Interior of belfry of Campanile.

3. Interior of Campanile.
4. A Venetian nurse.

5. The military band in the Piazza di San Marco.
6. Arcade of San Marco.

7. Entrance to Methodist chapel.
8. A street sketch.

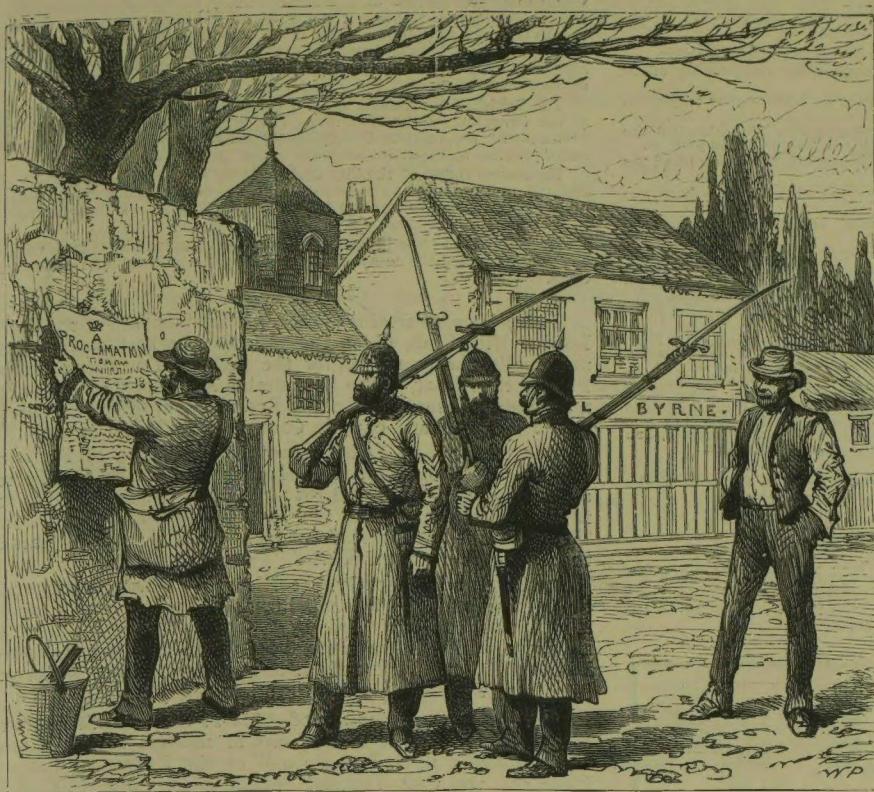
9. Before the door of the bank.
10. Interior of a gondola.

SKETCHES IN VENICE.

at a short distance beyond, to the east, on the open shore of the island, that the proudest edifices of the Venetian Republic are to be found. Here is the Piazzetta, which opens into the Piazza di San Marco, and which adjoins the Molo and the Riva degli Schiavoni; here is the Palace of the Doges, or Palazzo Ducale, overlooking the main quay and seaport, which formerly received a very large share of the commercial wealth of Eastern Europe and Asia. Close to this palace, which is a magnificent edifice in the Fifteenth-century Gothic style, relieved by colonnades and light but rich decorative sculptures, the great

church of St. Mark, the cathedral, occupies one side of the Piazza called by its name. It is unlike any other cathedral or church in Italy, being designed in the Byzantine style, with three domes, the largest in the centre, and one at the extremity of each transept; and its front presents five grand circular porches; hundreds of marble columns, with their capitals sculptured in every possible variety of ornament, and vast pieces of colour in mosaic, adorn the walls both outside and inside; the differently coloured marbles, the mosaics, the bronzes, and the gildings of the interior make a sumptuous

display not exceeded by St. Peter's at Rome. The building of St. Mark's is a monument of the immense enrichment of Venice by the Crusades, during the twelfth and eleventh centuries, when the French and other Western princes, nobles, and knights joining those expeditions were indebted to the Venetian merchants, shipowners, and money-lenders for their aid in the conquest of Constantinople. Instead of repelling the Mussulman invaders of the Levant, they plundered the Greek Christian Empire, and Venice got the lion's share of its treasures, with the better part of its maritime dominions.



THE STATE OF IRELAND : POSTING GOVERNMENT PROCLAMATIONS IN COUNTY CLARE.



UNWELCOME VISITORS AT A NATIONAL LEAGUE MEETING IN NORTH KERRY.

Those ancient splendours of Venice have faded long ago ; and as the policy of the Republic, like that of Carthage, was generally purely selfish, we cannot sympathise with its fall as we must with that of Florence. It was Napoleon I., and the French Directory, who treacherously betrayed Venetian independence and sold the Italian city and province to Austria, in exchange for the Netherlands and the Rhine—one of the most infamous transactions in modern history. The recovery of

Venice was the price of the Italian alliance with Prussia in the war of 1866. Our Sketches do not show the grand features of the once proud and powerful city, but only a few of its minor peculiarities, a street scene here and there, a campanile and belfry, a gondola on the canals, of which there are many in different quarters ; and one thing, which may be thought rather significant in these days of religious liberty—the door of an Italian Methodist chapel.

A LIVE GORILLA IN LONDON.
For the first time since the establishment of the Gardens of the Zoological Society a living gorilla has been added to the collection. It is a young animal, but as little is known of the life-history of these creatures, so rarely seen in captivity, and as it brought no certificate of birth with it from its native land, it is impossible to give more than a guess at its exact



THE GORILLA AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

age. Although it has been scarcely a month in the gardens it is rapidly recovering from the shyness before strangers which it exhibited at first, and it feeds freely on almost every kind of fruit offered to it, showing a marked preference, however, for pomegranates. It has unfortunately arrived at an unfavourable time of the year for an inhabitant of the forests of tropical Africa; but as it is placed in the same house and under the same care as the remarkably intelligent and well-educated chimpanzee, "Sally," which has now lived exactly four years in the gardens, it may be hoped that it has a chance of doing as well as she has, and of proving an even greater object of interest to visitors. The gorilla is a male, and has received the name of "Mumbo."

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. James William Lowther, M.P., to be the fourth (unpaid) member of the Charity Commission, to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of the Right Hon. G. Slater-Booth to the Peerage.

The Clerk to the Metropolitan Board of Works has received a letter from her Majesty's Office of Works, intimating that, in accordance with the provisions of the London Parks and Works Act, that Board will now cease to have any charge or control over Victoria Park, Battersea Park, Kennington Park, Bethnal-green Museum Grounds, Chelsea Embankment, and Westminster Bridge.

The Duke of Northumberland on Thursday week, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, laid the foundation-stone of a new building for the Durham College of Medicine, which is an offshoot from Durham University, and has existed thirty-five years in a building situated close to the Central Station of the North-Eastern Railway Company. The number of candidates for degrees in this college is upwards of 300 annually, and is steadily increasing.

Sir Reginald Hanson, as the retiring Lord Mayor, presided over the meeting of the Common Council for the last time on Thursday week. In a farewell address his Lordship reviewed the principal events that had occurred during his Mayoralty.—By a majority of twenty-one the Common Council passed a motion rescinding a previous resolution which would have had the effect of abolishing the office of City Architect, and substituting for that office a surveyor at a salary of £800 a year. Subsequently it was decided to appoint a City Architect, at a salary of £1500, in succession to the late Sir Horace Jones.

The Bishop of Rochester on Monday week unveiled a stained-glass window, typical of "Scenes in the Life of our Saviour," which has been erected at the west end of St. Paul's Church, Walworth, in memory of the Rev. Evelyn F. Alexander, late Vicar of that parish.—The church of St. Wilfrid Grappenhall, near Warrington, has received an interesting addition of stained glass. The work consists of two five-light windows, representing "The Adoration of the Magi" and "Christ with the four Evangelists"; two four-light windows, illustrating "The Feeding of the Multitude" and "Acts of Charity," and one window of three lights. This latter contains nearly all the ancient glass, dating from the fourteenth century, that was previously scattered about in various windows in the church. These important additions were entrusted to Messrs. Mayer.—Viscount Cranborne, M.P., recently unveiled a fine stained-glass window, which has been placed in the west end of Christ Church, Blackburn, at a cost of about £300. The window has been erected, as an inscription on it indicates, "to the glory of God and in memory of the Jubilee, June 21, 1887, of England's Queen." Lady Cranborne accompanied her husband.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

T COOPER.—The profundity of the joke is only surpassed by the stupidity of the so-called parody.

S A P.—An obvious misprint at Black's fifth move is the cause of your perplexity. For Black 5. P to R 4th, read B to R 4th.

INDUS.—There is no piece gained by taking the White Queen. If P takes Q White answers with 16. B to K B 5th, discovering check, and with a winning position.

C C (Eston Chess Club).—Under the peculiar circumstances mentioned Black has a won game.

F AUSTIN.—Write to J Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, for Cook's "Synopsis of Chess Openings."

PIERCE JONES.—Your problems shall be examined. In future submit them on diagrams.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from G E Barbier, J Pierce, M.A., and Bernard W La Motte.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2268 received from Hugo Legler, Evansville; of No. 2270 from T Chown and B W La Motte; of No. 2271 from J Bryden; of No. 2272 from Henry C King, G Louden, Peterhouse, Alpha, T Roberts, E G Boys, and T Chown.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2273 received from Alpha, G E Boys, Jupiter Junior, Peterhouse, T G (Ware), Columbus, the Rev. Winfield Cooper, J H Skilton, J Hepworth Shaw, Major Pritchard, R Worts, H Lucas, A Shurwood, Ernest Sharwood, Howard A. L Wyman, C Barrington, S Harris, W R Hailem, E Wardell, W Hillier, G W L D North-Brown, S Baileys, R Golds, J P Tucker, W A Walker, E H Brooks, E H A C Hunt, S De Sartis (Liege), E Phillips, Herewell, E Londen, Submarine (Dover), T Chown, O G F, W H (Woburn), Shaftsbury, T Roberts, A M Voysey, G Tremlett, Bea Nevis, W L Martin (Commander R.N.), S Herbert, and Amy Wissenden.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2272.

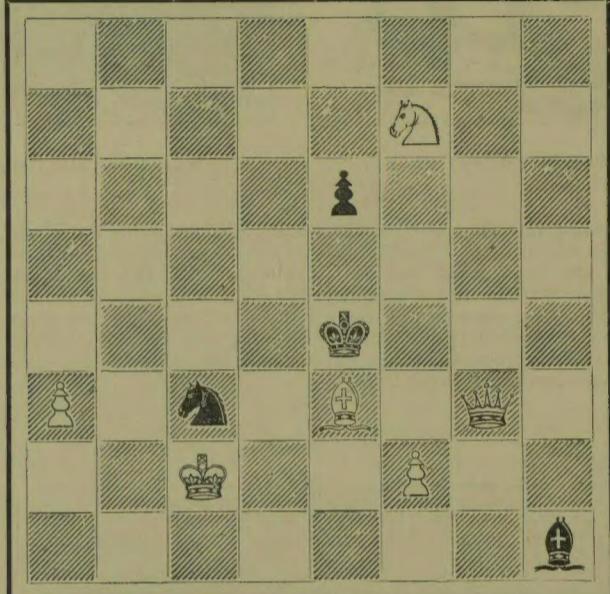
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q Kt 4th	K to R 7th
2. R to Kt sq	P to Kt 7th
3. Q to K 5th. Mate.	

The variations are obvious.

PROBLEM NO. 2275.

By G. HEATHCOTE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

In the November number of the *British Chess Magazine* we are sorry to notice the announcement of a change of editorship. Few names are more honourably connected with chess journalism than that of Mr. Watkinson,

whose zeal developed the chess gossip of a school magazine into the periodical from which he now retires. Pressure of other engagements has compelled him to take this step, to the regret of all who know how much the interests of the game have been advanced by his vigorous and ever-active pen. He is succeeded by Mr. Robert F. Green, of Liverpool, with the continued assistance of the present staff.

The British Chess Association will commence its third annual congress at the Criterion, on the 29th inst. The programme includes the Master Tournament, the Amateur Championship, the Ruskin and Tennyson contests, and a problem and solution tourney.

The second round of the City Club tourney was finished on Friday, the 28th ult., and produced some interesting play—notably a fine but unavailing up-hill fight by Mr. Pollock against Mr. Mocatta, after a serious mistake in the early part of the game.

The *Shoreditch Citizen* has started a chess column, with the particular object of recording the doings and promoting the interest of metropolitan chess.

It has been ascertained that the championship of the North London Rifle Club, which includes all the best shots of the metropolis, has been won, for the fifth year in succession, by Private Rosenthal, of the Honourable Artillery Company. The next best marksmen to Private Rosenthal are Private Borrett, of the Victorias, and Captain Cowan, of the Royal Engineers.

The canonry at Wells, vacant by the death of Professor Gundell, has been accepted by the Rev. George Buckle, Rector of Weston-super-Mare, and Prebendary of Wells, who has for fifteen years been one of the Bishop's examining Chaplains. The new Canon has worked for more than thirty-five years in the diocese of Bath and Wells.

At Plymouth, recently, the Bishop of Exeter consecrated the new church of St. Matthias, the cost of which, about £9000, has been defrayed by a lady of that town. The structure, which has been erected from the designs of Messrs. Hine and Odgers, Plymouth, is in the Perpendicular style, and has one of the finest modern towers in the West of England.

The entrance scholarship of £125 at St. George's Hospital Medical School, open to the sons of medical men, has been awarded to Mr. R. G. Turner; and at the University College, Liverpool, the Holt Tutorial Scholarships, value £100 each, have been awarded to Mr. W. Thelwell Thomas and Mr. Randal Leigh.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey on Sunday mornings, ten o'clock, during November will be as follows:—Sunday, 13th, the Rev. Dr. Thornton, Vicar of St. John's, Notting-hill; Sunday, 20th, the Rev. Edwyn Hoskyns, Rector of Stepney; Sunday, 27th, the Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton, Minor Canon. Canon Prothero will preach each Sunday at three p.m.; and on Wednesday, 30th, at three p.m.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held last week at its house, John-street, Adelphi.—Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., in the chair. Silver medals of the institute were awarded to the Misses Maria and Josephine Horsford and Mr. William C. L. Sullivan, for rescuing at great risk two ladies and two gentlemen from a sailing-boat which had been capsized in Courtmacsherry Bay, county Cork, on Aug. 12. Rewards amounting to £104 were also granted to the crews of life-boats and shore-boats for services rendered in saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £9011 were ordered to be made on the 291 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions received during the past month were £700 from X., to defray the cost of a new life-boat to be named the Charlie, and stationed at Hayling Island; £325 14s. 3d. from Mrs. Wilson, of Birmingham, and Miss Chavasse, of Worcester, to pay for the Church Cove (Lizard) new life-boat house; and £100 from Mrs. Sarah Roberts. New life-boats were sent during the past month to six places.

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AN AGREEABLE, NATURAL, AND CERTAIN CURE FOR

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PERSONALLY, OR BY LETTER.
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A BLESSING TO MEN.

FREE.

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WRITE TO-DAY.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY.

SCIATICA and RHEUMATIC PAINS CURED.

Mr. R. J. WATSON, Proprietor of the *Harwick Free Press*, 13, Market-street, Harwich, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of sciatica. I suffered for three years. I tried several doctors and physicians, and took gallons of different medicines, and was rubbed with every advertised application for the relief of RHEUMATIC PAINS, but never obtained any lasting relief, although I spent over £100. After wearing your Electropathic Belt for a week I got relief, and have gradually been getting better, and am now quite free from pain.—P.S. You are at liberty to publish this."

NERVOUS DEBILITY CURED.

Captain S. ESTALL, of 21, Chester-terrace, Sunderland, writes:—"Sept. 8, 1887. I am very glad to inform you that your Electropathic Belt has done me a power of good, so much so that I have frequently said to my friends that I feel myself about twenty years younger since I have worn it, and the Electric Socks I also had are doing me good."

CONSTIPATION CURED.

The Rev. JAMES ROSS, Brackadale, Dunvegan, Skye, N.B., writes:—"The Electropathic Belt you sent me came to hand, and it very clearly showed its curative effects the second day, for I seem to be already cured of constipation of more than eight years' standing. Many, many thanks for your Belt."

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

have seen, in my long experience, for comfort, cleanliness, and efficacy of support, and the original can be seen at the Company's office.

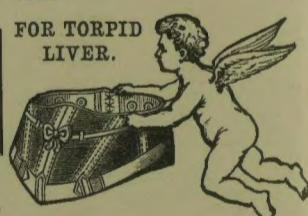
PREMATURE OLD AGE!

LOSS OF VITAL ENERGY, NERVOUS and GENERAL DEBILITY, TORPID LIVER, KIDNEY DISEASES, and all ORGANIC DERANGEMENTS yield more readily to the healing ELECTROPATHIC APPLIANCES,



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All sufferers from
HERNIA
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HARNESS' NEW WASHABLE
XYLONITE TRUSS.



A BOON TO WOMEN.

LADIES SUFFERING from any irregularity of the system should obtain a copy (gratis and post-free) of a Special Pamphlet recently issued by Mr. C. B. HARNESS, entitled "Electrification."

WRITE TO-DAY.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY.

IRREGULARITIES OF THE SYSTEM.

Mrs. HAWKEY, 43, Naileur-street, Caledonian-road, London, N., writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of the extreme debility and exhaustion from which I suffered, accompanied at times by painful hysteria, consequent upon defective circulation and periodic irregularity. Mine is a remarkable recovery."

LADIES' AILMENTS.

Mrs. BURRIDGE, 181, Somers-road, Southsea, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has restored me to much better health than I have enjoyed for years. The languor which so distressed me and made life a burden has quite gone; the constipation which has for some years been my greatest difficulty has also disappeared, and the bilious attacks and headaches have also entirely ceased. My general health is now good, and it is with feelings of the deepest gratitude I tell you this, as you will no doubt remember my case had been of very long standing."

PAINS IN BACK CURED.

The Rev. R. ANTRIM, Vicar of Slapton, King's Bridge, South Devon, writes:—"I am deriving great benefit from the Electropathic Belt recently had of you. The pain across the loins has quite left me; my nervous energy is greatly augmented."

REMEMBER that if you send a Cheque or P.O.O. for 21s., to 52, Oxford-street, London, W., the MEDICAL BATTERY CO. will send you an ELECTROPATHIC BELT post-free. When ordering, send size of Waist (next skin). Don't Delay.

THE COMPANY'S PHYSICIAN MAY BE CONSULTED DAILY FREE OF CHARGE.

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the eminent Consulting Medical Electrician, may be consulted daily (without charge) on all matters relating to HEALTH and the application of CURATIVE ELECTRICITY. Residents at a distance, and those unable to avail themselves of a personal consultation, are invited to write for a PRIVATE ADVICE FORM, which will be forwarded post-free on application.

NERVOUS MEN
should read Special Pamphlet.
"GALVANIC ELECTRICITY."
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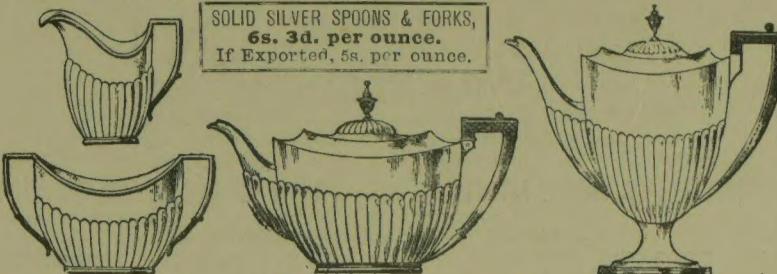
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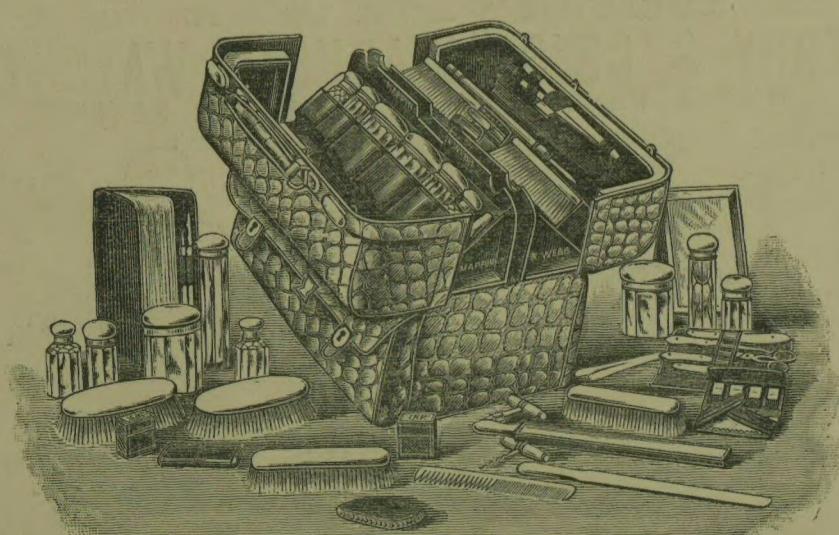
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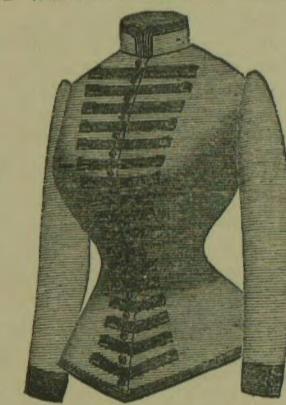
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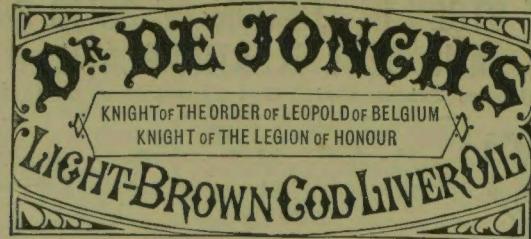
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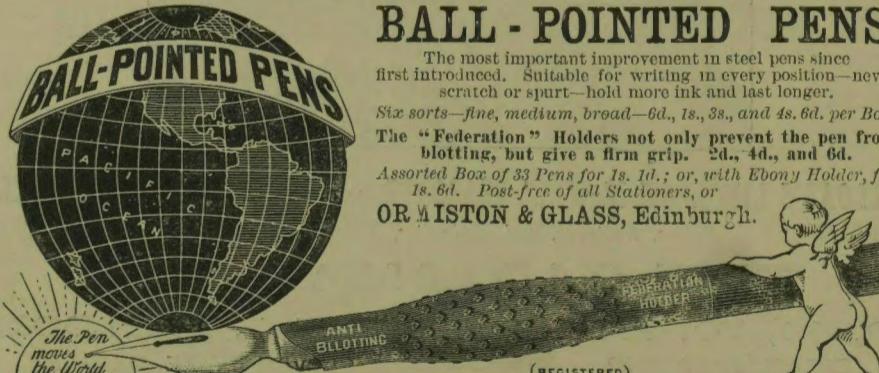
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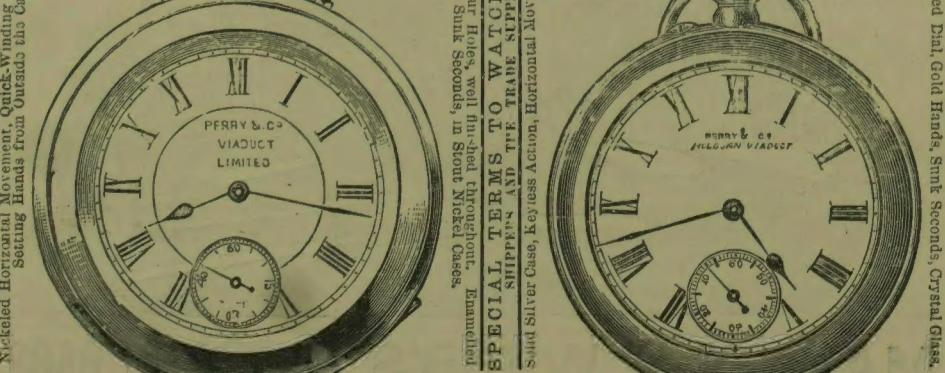
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